

MERRY
DROLLERY,
OR
A COLLECTION

Jovial Poems,
Of Merry Songs,
Witty Drolleries.

Intermix'd with Pleasant
CATCHES.

The First Part.

Collected by

W. N. C. B. R. S. F. G.

Lovers of Wit. ^{153d}

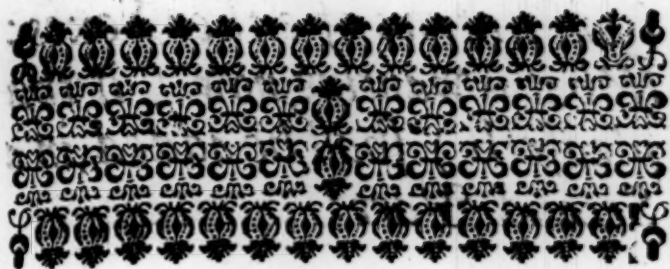
LONDON,

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100



TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

 *E do here present thee with a Choice Collection of Wit and Ingenuity, many of which were obtain'd with much difficulty, and at a Chargeable Rate; It is Composed so as to please*
all

To the Reader.
all Complexions, Ages, and
Constitutions of either Sexes:
What is wanting now (if this
pleaseth) shall be added in a
Second Part;

Farewell.

Merry



Merry Drollery.

A Rapsody.

NOW I confesse I am in love,
 Though I did think I never could,
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,
 Whose nature's made of better mould:
 So fair, so good, so all divine,
 I'd quit the world to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat
 When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphear,
 So shrink the Beauties, called great,
 When sweet *Rosela* doth appear;
 Were she as other women are,
 I should not love, nor yet despair.

But I could never wear a mind
 Willing to stoop to common Faces,
 Nor confidence enough can find
 To aime at one so full of Graces;
 Fortune and Nature did agree,
 No woman should be wed by me.

Mirth

Merry Drollerie.

Mirth in Sorrow.

BE merry with Sorrow : Why are you so sad?
Let some mirth be found to make your hearts
If troubles afflict thee, lament not therefore. (glad :
For all men are subject to sorrows full sore ;
Though grief be to night, yet joy comes to morrow,
And therefore, I pray you, be merry with Sorrow.

With what grief soever a man be afflicted
Unto overmuch sorrow be not thou addicted,
For a sorrowful heart, the Wise-man doth say,
Doth dry up the bones, and the body decay ;
And therefore, I say, both evening and morrow
In all thy afflictions be merry with sorrow.

Hast thou been a rich man, and now art thou poor ?
Be merry with sorrow, and pass not therefore,
For Riches have wings to fly when they lust,
Both to thee, and from thee, as God hath discust ;
And therefore I say, &c.

Art thou pinched with poverty, sickness, or need ?
Be merry with sorrow, the better to speed :
For God is the God of the poor and oppressed,
Commit thy cause to him and it shall be redressed ;
And therefore I say, &c.

Art thou close in Prison, and locked up fast ?
Whatsoever thy faults be, a God still thou hast :
Believe, serve, and fear him, thou shalt never lack
If that thou wilt cast thy cares on his back ;
And therefore I say, &c.

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Merry Drollerie. 2

Art thou a Minister, the People to teach,
And dost thou study good words for to preach,
And for thy labour dost thou sustain blame?
Be merry with sorrow, and shrink not for shame;
Such persons, I say, both evening and morrow,
Ought still to rejoyce, and be merry with sorrow.

Hast thou Enemies, abroad, that seek for thy life,
Or hast thou, at home, a shrew to thy wife?
Such sorrows, indeed, doth a number molest,
Those that be cumbred can tell their tale best,
For they do sustain many a sower Good-morrow,
But yet I could wish them to be merry with sorrow.

God make us all merry in Christ our Redeemer;
God save merry *England* and our Good King for ever,
God grant him long years, and many to Raigh
His Word and his Gospel now still to maintain:
And those that do seek to procure his sorrow (row.
God send them short lives, not to live till to mor-

A Puritan.

A Puritan of late,
And eke a holy Sister,
A Catechizing fate,
And fain he would have kist her
For his Mate.

But she a Babe of grace,
A Child of reformation,
Thought kissing a disgrace,
A Limbe of prophanation
In that place.

B

He

Merry Drollerie.

He swore by yea and nay
He would have no denial,
The Spirit would it so,
She should endure a tryal
Ere she go.

Why swear you so, quoth she?
Indeed, my holy Brother,
You might have forsworn be
Had it been to another
Not to me.

He laid her on the ground,
His Spirits fell a ferking,
Her Zeal was in a sound,
He edified her Merkin
Upside down.

And when their leave they took,
And parted were asunder,
My Muse did then awake,
And I turn'd Ballad-monger
For their sake.

The Fovial Lover.

I.

Once was I sad, till I grew to be mad,
But I'll never be sad again boyes;
I courted a riddle, she fancied a fiddle,
The tune does run still in my brain boyes.

The

Merry Drollerie.

3

2.

The Gittam and the Lute, the Pipe and the Flute
Are the new Alamode for the nan-boyes ;
With Pistol and Dagger the women out-swagger
The blades with the Muff and the Fan boyes.

3.

All the Town is run mad, and the Hectors do pad,
Besides their false Dice and the slur boyes :
The new-formed Cheats with their acts and debates
Have brought the old to a demur boyes.

4.

Men stand upon thorns to pull out their horns,
And to cuckold themselves in grain boyes :
When to wear 'um before, does make their heads fore ;
But behind they do suffer no pain boyes.

5.

The Protestant, Presbyter, Papist, and *Prester John*;
Are much discontented we see boyes :
For all their Religion no *Mahomet's* Pidgeon
Can make 'um be madder than we boyes.

6.

There is a mad fellow clad alwaies in yellow ;
And somewhat his nose is blew boyes ;
He cheated the devil, which was very evil
To him, and to all of his Crew boyes.

7.

But now he intends to make even amends
By wearing a crown of thorns boyes
For him that is gone, but before it be one
We shall his humility scorn boyes.

8.

For all our new Peers are turn'd out with Jeeres,
The new Gentlemen Lords are trapann'd boyes

4 *Merry Drollerie.*

Since the King, & no King, would pretend to a thing,
Which the Commons won't understand boyes.

9.

And whilst we are thus mad, my Princess is glad
To laugh at the World, and at me boyes,
'Cause I can't apprehend what her colour command,
But it is not my self you see boyes.

Mardike.

VWhen first *Mardike* was made a Prey,
'Twas *Canred* carried the Fort away,
And do not lose your valorous prize
By staring in your Mistress eyes,
But put off your Petticoat-Parley,
Fame and Honour are covered early;
Potting, and sopping,
And laughing, and quaffing of Canary
Will make good souldiers miscarry,
And ne'er travel for a true renown;
And turn to your marshal Mistress,
Fair *Minerva* the souldiers sister is;
Calling, and falling, and cutting,
And flashing of wounds Sir,
With turning, and burning of Towns, are
High steps unto a States-mans throne.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
And his Tun shall o'erflow the Town;
Or give a Cobler sword and state,
And a Tinker shall trapan the State;

Such

Merry Drollery.

5

Such fortunate Foes as these be
Turned the Crown to a Crofs at *Naseby*;
 Father and Mother, and Sister
 And Brother confounded,
With many good Families wounded
By a terrible turn of State;
Such plentiful power the Sword has,
And so little of late the Word has;
 He that can kill a man;
 Thunder, and plunder precisely,
It's he is the man that does wisely,
And may climbe to a Chair of State.

It is the Sword that doth order all,
Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall;
All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
No Logick like a basket hilt:
It handles 'um joynt by joynt Sir,
And doth nimbly come to the point Sir,
 Thrilling, and drilling,
 And killing, and spilling profoundly,
Untill the despicer on ground lye,
And hath ne'er a word to say,
Unless it be Quarter, Quarter;
Truth confuted by a Carter,
 Whipping, and stripping,
 And ripping, and Stripping Evasions
Doth conquer the power of perswasions,
Aristotle has lost the day.

The Gown and Chain cannot compare
With Red-coat and his Bandeliers;
The Musquets gave Saint *Pauls* the lurch,
And beat the Canons from the Church,

6 Merry Drollerie.

The pious Episcopal Gown too ;
Taro, tantaro, tantaro,
Tantaro, the trumpet
Hath blown away *Babylons* strumpet,
And Cathedralls begin to truck,
Your Counsellors are struck dumb too ;
Dub a dub, dob a dub,
Dub a dub dub, an alarum,
Each Corporal now can out-dare 'um,
Learned *Littleton* now goes to rack.

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,
Let's leave our Wenches and our Wine ;
We'll follow Fate where ere she runs,
And turn our pots and pipes to guns :
The bottles shall be *Granadoes*,
We will march about like *bravadoes*,
Huffing, and puffing,
And snuffing, and calling the Spaniard,
Whose brows have been dyed in a tannyard ;
Well-got fame is a warriors wife,
The Drawer shall be a Drummer,
We'll be Generals all next summer,
Poynting, and joynting,
And hiltng and tilting like brave boyes ;
We shall have gold or a grave boyes,
There's an end of a *Souldiers* life.

A

A merry Song.

OF all the Crafts that I do know,
That in the Earth may be,
Threshing is one of the weariest trades
That belongs to husbandry.

Upon a time there was a poor man,
I swear by sweet Saint *Ann*,
And he had a wife and seven children,
And other goods had he none.

As he was a walking on the way,
Hard by a Forrest side,
There met him the devil, that Grisly Ghost,
This poor man to abide.

All hail, all hail, then quoth the devil,
I am glad to have met with thee;
What is thy business in this Country
Thou goest so hastily?

I have a wife and seven children, quoth the poor man,
And other goods have I none,
And I am to the Market going
To fetch them something home.

Wilt thou be my servant, quoth the devil,
And serve me for seven year,
And thou shalt have cattel and corn enough,
And all things at thy desire.

8 *Merry Drollerie.*

What shall be my Office, quoth the poor man?
I am loath to bear any blame;
Thou shalt bring a beast unto this Forrest,
That I cannot tell his name.

If thou dost not bring me such a beast,
The name that I cannot tell,
Then both thy body and thy soul
Shall go with me to hell.

Indentures and Covenants were made anon,
And sealed by and by;
The poor man he to the Market went
So fast as he could high.

And when that he came home again,
Corn and Cattel he had anon:
O this was some Lord, then quoth the poor man,
For to believe upon.

His Neighbours dwelling round about,
They marvelled very much:
They thought he had either robb'd or stole,
He was become so rich.

But when the seven years was near expir'd,
And almost at an end,
He made his moan unto his wife,
Which was his own dear friend.

What aile you, what aile you husband, quoth she,
What ailes you so sad to be?
You had wont to be one of the merriest men
In all the whole Country.

Merry Drollerie. 9

I have made a bargain, quoth the poor man,
I am loath to bear the blame:
I must carry the devil a beast to the Forrest
That he cannot tell his name.

If I don't carry him such a beast,
The name that he cannot tell,
Then both my body and my soul
Must go with him to hell.

Lie still, lie still then, quoth the good wife,
Lie still and sleep a while,
And I will bethink me of a thing,
We will the devil beguil.

Buy Feathers and Lime, then quoth the good wife,
Such as men catch birds in,
And I will put off all my cloaths,
And roul them over my skin.

He wrapt his wife in Feathers and Lime,
Till no place of her was bare,
He tied a string about her hams,
And led her for chapmens ware.

He led her backwards of all four,
Till he came to the Forrest side,
There met he the devil, that grisly Ghost,
This poor man to abide.

I have brought thee the beast, then quoth the poor
Thy bargain thou canst not forsake: (man,
The devil stood as still as any stone,
And his heart began to quake.

What

10 *Merry Drollerie.*

What beast hast thou brought me, quoth the devil
His cheeks they are so round?
I thought there had not been any such beast
Brought up in all this ground.

I have looked East, I have looked West,
I have looked over *Lincoln* and *Lyn*,
But of all the beasts that ever I saw
I never saw none so grim.

Where is the mouth of this same beast?
His breath is wondrous strong.
A little below, quoth the poor man,
His mouth stands all along.

That is a mad mouth then quoth the devil,
It has neither cheeks nor chin,
Nay has but one eye in his head,
And his sight is wondrous dim.

If his mouth had flood but overthwart,
As it stands all a-length,
I would have thought it some Whale fish
Was taken by some mans strength.

How many more hast thou, quoth th' devil,
How many more of this kind?
I have seven more, then quoth the poor man,
But I left them all behind.

If thou hast seven more of these beasts,
The truth to thee I tell,
Thou hast beasts enough to scare both me,
And all the devils in hell.

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Merry Drollerie. 11

Here take thy Indentures and Covenants too,
I'll have nothing to do with thee;
The poor man he went home with his wife,
And they lived full merrily.

Loves Dream.

I Dreamt my Love lay in her bed,
It was my chance to take her,
Her arms and leggs abroad Were spread,
She slept, I durst not wake her;
O pity it were, that one so rare
Should crown her head with willow:
The Tresses of her golden hair
Did crown her lovely Pillow.

Me thoughts her belly was a hill
Much like a mount of pleasure,
At foot thereof there springs a well,
The depth no man can measure;
About the pleasant Mountain head
There grows a lofty thicker,
Whither two beagles travelled
To rouse a lively Pricker.

They hunted him with chearful cry
About that pleasant Mountain,
Till he with heat was forc'd to fly
And slip into that Fountain;
The Dogs they follow'd to the brink,
And there at him they baited:

They

12 *Merry Drollerie.*

They plunged about and would not sink,
His coming out they waited.

Then forth he came as one half lame,
All very faint and tired,
Betwixt her legs he hung his head,
As heavy heart desired ;
My dogs then being refresh'd again,
And she of sleep bereaved,
She dreamt she had me in her arms,
And she was not deceived.

The good Old Cause.

NOW *Lambert's* sunk, and valiant *M—*
Does ape his General *Cromwel*,
And *Arthur's* Court, cause time is short,
Does rage like devils from hell ;
Let's mark the fate and course of State,
Who rises when t'other is sinking,
And believe when this is past
'Twill be our turn at last
To bring the Good Old Cause by drinking.

First, red nos'd *Nol* he swallowed all,
His colour shew'd he lov'd it :
But *Dick* his Son, as he were none,
Gav't off, and hath reprov'd it ;
But that his foes made bridge of's nose,
And cry'd him down for a Protector,
Proving him to be a fool that would undertake to rule.
And not drink and fight like *Hector*.

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Merry Drollerie. 13

The Grecian Lad he drank like mad,
Minding no work above it ;
And *Sans question* kill'd *Ephestion*
Because he'd not approve it ;
He got command where God had land,
And like a *Maudlin* Yonker,
When he tippled all and wept, he laid him down to
Having no more Worlds to conquer. (sleep,

Rump-Parliament would needs invent
An Oath of abjuration,
But Obedience and Allegiance are now come into
Then here's a bowl with heart and soul (fashion:
To *Charles*, and let all say Amen to't ;
Though they brought the Father down
From a triple Kingdom Crown,
We'll drink the Son up again to't.

The Fashions.

THE Turk in Linnen wraps his head,
The Persian he's in Lawn too ;
The Russh with Sable furs his Cap,
And change will not be drawn to ;
The Spaniard constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all the Felts that may be felt
Give me the English Beaver.

The German loves the Cony-wooll,
The Irish man his shag too ;

Some

14 Merry Drollerie.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth;
The Welsh his Monmouth use to wear,
And of the same will brag too;
Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things:
But O the liquorish English man
He loves to deal in all things.

The Rush drinks quaff, Dutch Rubrick beer,
And that is strong and mighty;
The Brittain he *Metheglin* quaffs,
The Irish *Aqua vite*;
The French affects the *Orlian* Grape,
The Spaniard takes his *Sherry*,
The English none of these can shape,
But with them all make merry.

The Italian in his High Chippin,
Scotch Lass, and comely Fro too;
The Spanish Don a French Maddam
He will not fear to go to;
Nothing so full of hazard, dread,
Nought lives above the Center:
No health, no fashion, wine, nor wench
Your English dare not venter.

A Song.

Riding to London, on *Dunstable* way
I met with a Maid on *Midsummer* day,
Her Eyes they did sparkle like Stars in the sky.
Her face it was fair, and her forehead was high:

The

Merry Drollerie. 15

The more I came to her, the more I did view her,
The better I lik'd her pretty sweet face,
I could not forbear her, but still I drew near her,
And thus I began to tell her my case:

Whither walk'st thou, my pretty sweet soul?
She modestly answered to *Hockley-i'-th'-hole*.
I ask'd her her business; she had a red cheek,
She told me, she went a poor service to seek;
I said, it was pity she should leave the City,
And settle her self in a Country Town;
She said it was certain it was her hard fortune
To go up a maiden, and so to come down.

With that I alighted, and to her I stept,
I took her by th' hand, and this pretty maid wept;
Sweet weep not, quoth I: I kist her soft lip;
I wrung her by th' hand, and my finger she nipt;
So long there I woo'd her, such reasons I shew'd her,
That she my speeches could not controul,
But curs'd finely, and got up behind me,
And back she rode with me to *Hockley-i'-th'-hole*.

When I came to *Hockley* at the sign of the Cock,
By lighting I chanced to see her white smock,
It lay so alluring upon her round knee,
I call'd for a Chamber immediatly;
I hugg'd her, I rugg'd her, I kist her, I smugg'd her,
And gently I laid her down on a bed,
With nodding and pinking, with sighing & winking,
She told me a tale of her Maidenhead.

While she to me this story did tell,
I could not forbear, but on her I fell;

16 *Merry Drollerie.*

I tasted the pleasure of sweetest delight,
We took up our lodging, and lay there all night;
With soft arms she rould me, and oft times told me,
She loved me deerly, even as her own soul:
But on the next morrow we parted with sorrow,
And so I lay with her at *Hockley-i-th-hole.*

On Tobacco.

Tobacco that is withered quire,
Grown in the morning, cut down at night,
Shews thy decay,
All flesh is hay;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoak ascends on high,
Think all thou seest is vanity
Of earthly stuff,
Blown with a puff;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the Pipes be foul'd within,
Behold the soul defil'd with sin,
To purge with fire
He doth require;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

As for the ashes left behind,
They fitly serve to put's in mind,
That unto dust
Return we must;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The Tinker of Turvey.

THere was a Jovial Tinker
Dwelt in the Town of *Turvey*,
And he could patch a Kettle well,
Though his humours were but scurvy ;
Still would he sing, tarra ring, tarra ring Tinke,
Room for a jovial Tinker,
He'll stop one hole, and make two,
Is not this a jovial Tinker ?

He was as good a fellow
As Smug, which mov'd much laughter ;
You'd hardly think how in his drink
He would beat his wife and daughter ;
Still would he sing, &c.

He walks about the Country,
With Pike-staff, and with Budget,
Drunk as a Rat, you'd hardly wor
That drinking so he could trudge it ;
Still would he sing, &c.

There's none of his profession,
That hath such skill in Mettle,
For he could mend the Frying-pan,
The Skillet, or the Kettle ;
Still would he sing, &c.

To tosse the jolly tankard,
The black pot, and the pitcher,

C

No

18 *Merry Drollerie.*

No Ale or beer to him was dear,
To make his nose the richer,
Still would he, &c.

He'd tink betime i' th' morning
Before the break of day,
For drinking dry he was willing,
To the Ale-house he went his way ;
Still would he, &c.

He knockt so roundly at the door,
Which made them all to waken :
Who's there, quoth the Maid ? It's I, he said ;
It's the Tinker foul, I'll take him ;
Still would he sing, tarra ring, catra ring Tink,
Room for a jovial Tinker,
He'll stop one hole, and make two,
Is not this a jovial Tinker ?

Nonsence.

NOW Gentlemen, if you will hear
Strange news as I shall tell you,
Where ere you go, both far and near,
You may boldly say 'tis true.

When *Charing-Gross* was a little boy,
He was sent to *Rumford* to buy swine;
His mother made cheese, he drank the whay,
He never lov'd strong Beer, Ale, nor Wine.

When

Merry Droverie. 19

When all the things in *England* died,
That very year fell such a chance,
That *Salisbury* plain would on horseback ride,
And *Paris Garden* carry the news to *France*.

When all the Lawyers they did plead
All for love, and nought for gain;
Then 'twas a joyful world indeed,
The blew bore of *Dover* fetcht apples out of *Spain*.

When Landlords let their farms cheap,
Because their tenant paid so dear;
The man in the Moon made *Christmas* pyes,
And bid the seven stars to eat good chear.

Without a Broker or Cony-catcher
Pauls Church-yard was never free;
Then was my Lord Mayor a house thatcher,
Which was a wondrous sight to see.

When *Basingstoke* did swim on the *Thames*,
And swore all thieves to be just and true;
The Sumners and Bayliffs were honest men,
And Pease and Bacon that year it snow.

When every man had a quiet wife,
That never could once scold or chide;
Tom Tinker of *Turvey*, to end all strife,
Roasted a Pig in a blue Cows hide.

20 *Merry Drollerie.*

A Catch.

THE Hunt is up,
The Hunt is up,
And now it is almost day,
And he that's abed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

An old Souldier of the Queens.

OF an old Souldier of the Queens,
With an old motly coat, and a maumfie nose,
And an old Jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of boots, drawn on without hose,
Stuft with raggs instead of toes;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With an old rusty sword that's hackt with blows,
And an old dagger to scare away the crows,
And an old horse that reels as he goes,
And an old saddle that no man knows,
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With his old wounds in Eighty Eight,
Which he recover'd at *Tilbury* fight;

With

Merry Drollery. 21

With an old Passport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead ;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With his old Gun, and his Bandeliers,
And an old head-piece to keep warm his ears,
With an old shirt is grown to wrack,
With a huge Louse with a great list on his back,
Is able to carry a Pedler and his pack ;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With an old Quean to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockifi'd ;
He's now rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his Valour he'll have better cloaths,
Or else he'll lose legs, arms, fingers, and toes,
And he'll come again, when no man knows ;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

Advise to Bachelours.

IF thou wilt know how to chuse a shrew,
Come listen unto me,
I'll tell you the signs, and the very very lines
Of Loves Physiognomy.

If her hair be brown, with a flaxen Crown,
And grac'd with a nutmeg hue,

22 Merry Drollerie.

Both day and night she's best for delight,
And her colour everlasting true.

If her forehead be high, with a rolling eye,
And lips that will sweetly melt:
The thing below is better you know,
Although it be oftner felt.

If her hair be red, she'll sport in't he bed,
But take heed of the doing though:
For if she carry fire in her upper attire,
What a devil doth she carry below?

If her hair be yellow, she'll tempt each fellow
In the *Immanuel* Colledge:
For she that doth follow the colour of *Apollo*,
May be like him in zeal and knowledge.

If she be pale, and a Virgin stale,
Inclin'd to the sickness green:
Some raw fruit give her, to open her Liver,
Her stomach, and the thing between.

If her Nose be long, and sharp as her Tongue,
Take heed of a desperate maid:
For she that will swagger with an incurable dagger
With stab and a kissing betray'd.

If her face and her neck have here and there a speck,
Ne'er slick, but straight you go stride her:
For it hath been try'd, and never denied,
Such flesh ne'er fails the Ryder.

Merry Drollery. 23

If none of these thy Fancy will please,
Go seek thy complexion store,
And take for thy Saint a Lady that will paint,
Such beauties thou maiest adore

If beauty do write in her face red and white,
And *Cupid* his flowers there breed,
It pleaseth the eye, but the Rose will dye
As soon as it runs to seed.

Fond Love.

Come my delicate bonny sweet Berry,
Let's dally a while in the shade,
Where the Sun by degrees shines through the trees,
And the wind blows through the Glade ;
Where *Telons* her Lover is graced,
And richly adorned with green,
And the amorous boy with her mother did toy,
And the Uncan never was seen ;
There we may enjoy modest pleasure,
As kissing, and merry discourse,
And never controul a modest sweet soul,
For love is a thing of great force.

The green grasse shall be thy pillow
To comfort thy spherical head,
And my arms shall enjoyn my Love so divine,
And the earth shall be thy bed ;
Thy mantle of fairest flowers,
My coat shall thy coverlet be,

24 *Merry Drollerie.*

And the whistling wind shall sing to our mind,
O dainty Sweet Lullaby.

Old *Eolus* shall be thy Rocker,
With his gentle murmuring noise,
And loves mirtle tree shall thy Canopy be ;
And the birds harmonious voice
Shall bring us into a sweet slumber,
While I in thy bosome do rest,
And give thee such blifs by that, and by —
As by Poetry can't be exprest.

While thy cherry cheek pleaseth in touching,
And in smelling her oderous breath ;
Her beauty in my sight, and her voice my delight,
Oh my sweets are cast beneath ;
Thus ravished with the contentment
In more than a lover exprest,
And think when I am here, I am in a sphear,
And more than immortally blest.

And thus with my mutual coying
My Love doth me sweetly embrace ;
With my hands in her hair, and her fingers so rare,
And her playing with my face,
We reapt the most happy contentment
That ever two Lovers did find ;
What women did see but my Love and me,
Would say, that we use to be kind.

Grinning Honour.

(me,

N Ay prethee don't fly me, but sit thee down by
For I cannot endure the man that's demure,
A Pox on your Worships and Sirs;

Your conjeys and trips,

With your legs and your lips,

Your Madams and Lords,

With such finical words,

With a complement you bring,

Which concerneth nothing

You may keep for the Gown and the Furs.

For at the beginning, &c. ———

These titles of Honours were at first in the Donours,
And not to the thing unto which they do cling,
If the soul be too narrow that wears them,

No delight can I see

In the thing call'd degree:

Honest Dick sounds as well

As the name with an L.

And that with titles doth swell,

And sounds like a spell

To affright mortals ears when they hear them;

He that wears a brave soul, and dares honestly do,

He's a Herald to himself, and a God-father too.

Why then should we doat on one with a fools coat on,
Whose Coffers are cram'd, but yet he'll be damn'd
Ever he do a good Act, or a wise one;

What

26 Merry Drollerie.

What reason hath he
To be ruler o'er me,
Who's a Lord in his Chest,
But his head and his breast
Are as empty and bare,
And but puffed up with air,
And can neither assist nor advise one;
Honour's but Air, and proud flesh but Dust is,
It's we Commons make the Lords, as the Clerks
(makes the Justice.

But since we must be of a different degree,
'Cause most do aspire to be greater and higher
Than the rest of our fellows and brothers:

He that hath such a spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his brain, wealth, and's blood
For his Countries good,
And make himself fit
By his Valour and his War
For things above the reach of all others:
Honour's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not, it's a Bag, and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me be but quiet and free,
I'll drink sack and obey, and let great ones bear sway,
Who spend their whole time but in thinking;

I'll ne'er trouble my pate
With the secrets of State;
The news books I'll burn all,
And with the Diurnal
Light Tobacco, and admit
That they are so far fit

As to serve good company in drinking:

All the name I desire, is an honest good Fel'ow,
Let's drink good Canary untill we grow mellow.

Maidens

Maidens delight.

A Young man of late, that lackt a mate,
And courting came unto her,
With Cap, and Kifs, and Sweet Mitris,
But little could he do her ;
Quoth he, my friend ; let kissing end,
Where with you do me smother,
And run at Ring with t'other thing :
A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

Too much of ought is good for nought,
Then leave this idle kissing ;
Your barren suit will yield no fruit
If the other thing be missing :
As much as this a man may kiss
His sister or his mother ;
He that will speed must give with need
A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

Who bids a Guest unto a feast,
To sit by divers dishes,
They please their mind untill they find
Change, please each Creatures wishes ;
With beak and bill I have my fill,
With measure running over ;
The Lovers dish now do I wish,
A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

To gull me thus, like *Tantalus*,
To make me pine with plenty,

With

28 / *Merry Drollerie.*

With shadows store, and nothing more,
your substance is so dainty;

A fruitless tree is like to thee,
Being but a kissing lover,

With leaves joynt fruit, or else be mute;

A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

Sharp joynt'd with flar, no mirth to that;

A low note and a higher,

Where Mean and Base keeps time and place,

Such musick maids desire:

All of one string doth leathing bring,

Change is true Musicks Mother,

Then leave my face, and sound the base,

A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

The golden mine lies just between

The high way and the lower;

He that wants wit that way to hit

Alas hath little power;

You'l miss the clout if that you shoot

Much higher, or much lower:

Shoot just between, your arrows keen,

A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

No smoake desire without a fire,

No wax without a Writing:

If right you deal give Deeds to Seal,

And straight fall to inditing;

Thus do I take these lines I make,

As to a faithful Lover,

In order he'll first write, then seal,

A little o'th' t'on with t'other.

Thus

Merry Drollerie. 29

Thus while she staid the young man plaid
Not high, but low defending;
Each stroak he strook so well she took,
She swore it was past mending;
Let swaggering boys that think by toyes
Their Lovers to fetch over,
Lip-labour save, for the maids must have
A little o' th' t'on with t'other.

The Hunting.

A Fox, a Fox, up Gallants to the field,
Lift to the merry cry that sweetness yields;
Joves high-bred boy rides mounted on a Tun;
Selenia makes his lasie Ass to run
In pursuit of the chace,
With which may none compare,
Neither for four miles race,
Nor hunting of the Hare.

Joyn Musick to the Cry, that hollow rocks
May eccho forth the hunting of the Fox.

The Fox hath lost the field, and left the Town,
And up your barly hill shows up and down,
With fear inforc'd, weak Reynold seems to daunt
The carriage of the warlike Elephant;
But hark, the Horns do blow;
And all the huntsmen shout,
There goes the Game, I know,
But Tickler drives him out;
Joyn Musick, &c.

Ride,

30 Merry Drollerie.

Ride, ride *St. George*, he's stole into the bush,
 Old swag-pot makes him straight from thence to rush,
 Then creeps into the Vine, and there doth earth;
 O heavenly cry, exceeding earthly mirth;
 Hark Youland, and Pottle,
 Old Gusquin, and Rainsbolt,
 But hark how *Pim* doth Tattle
 Now he's got to the hole;
 Joyn Musick, &c.

The Fox quite spent, about the Town he reels,
 And now in view he's followed at the heels;
 Then climbe the tree, that climbing was his fall,
 And to that fall came in the Huntsmen all:
 Then Sug, and Feor, Swilback,
 Cavil, and speckled Dyer,
 Tofs, Swagger, and Spendall
 Tug him through dirt and mire;
 Now joyn our horn & voices all, that hollow rocks
 May eccho forth the hunting of the Fox.

A Song.

A H, ah, come see what's here:
 A Young *Rufus* drawing near,
 With his thoughts, and his eyes,
 And his elevated cries;
 Take heed how you come near,
 For in a rapture his weak stature
 Mounts above the Moon;
 And being there, doth stamp and stare,
 And swear there is no room

Merry Drollerie. 31

To contain his old brain in the skies,
But he'll go down below,
And he'll know if it be so,
Whether all the wild boyes,
Having spent their mad daies,
Goes when such men dies.

But he finds no comfort there,
Back again to the man in the air;
He catches at the Moon,
And pulls off the shepherds sheene,
And leaves his ten toes bare;
Now the Youth grows mad:
The Moon-man, that was sad,
Starts up as wild as he,
With frowning angry look,
Stood kirding with his hook,
And demands what he might be:
He did reply, I will fly round the Globe;
Then make way Earth and Sea,
He'll not stay for to play;
Consent with him importune,
He fears an evil Fortune,
All his delight's abroad.

A Droll.

Let dogs and devils die;
Let Wits and Money fly;
Let the slaves of the earth
Be abortive in their birth;

Well

32 Merry Drollerie.

Well or Ill come, what care I,
 For I will roar, I will drink, I will whore,
 I spend nought but my own:
 Let slaves of the World be suddenly hurl'd,
 Or with a whirlwind blown,
 In and out, round about, hey boyes, hey:
 Let us sing, let us laugh,
 Let us drink, let us quaff;
 See the World is sliding,
 Here is no abiding,
 Our life's but a Hollyday.

A Song.

A Young man walking all alone
 Abroad to take the air,
 It was his chance to meet a maid
 Of beauty passing fair:
 Desiring her of curtesie
 Down by him for to sit;
 She answered him most modestly,
 O nay, O nay not yet.

Forry Crowns I will give thee,
 Sweet heart, in good red Gold,
 If that thy favour I may win
 With thee for to be bold:
 She answered him with modesty,
 And with a fervent wit,
 Think'st thou I'll stain my honesty?
 O nay, O nay not yet.

Gold

Merry Drollerie. 33

Gold and silver is but dross,
And worldly vanity ;
There's nothing I esteem so much
As my Virginitie ;
What do you think I am so loose,
And of so little wit,
As for to lose my maidenhead ?
O nay, O nay not yet.

Although our Sex be counted base,
And easie to be won,
You see that I can find a check
Dame Natures Games to shun ;
Except it be in modesty,
That may become me fit,
Think't I am weary of my honesty ?
O nay, O nay not yet.

The young man stood in such a dump,
Not giving no more words,
He gave her that in quietness
Which love to maids affords :
The maid was ta'n as in a trance,
And such a sudden fit,
As she had almost quite forgot
Her nay, O nay not yet.

The way to win a womans love
Is only to be brief,
And give her that in quietness
Will ease her of her grief :
For kindness they will not refuse
When young men proffer it,
Although their common speeches be
O nay, O nay not yet.

D

The

The Jealous Husband.

A Yong man that's in love with one that's wed,
Which of his sweet heart hath a jealous head,
Hath hatched a furious beast,
For Jealousie takes no rest.

It is a mad frenzy that broiles in the brain,
It fumes in the stomach, and filleth the Vein:
The handmaids that upon it do wait,
Is fear, suspicion, and hate.

The smoak of Tobacco it troubleth the brain,
It makes a man giddy, and quiet again:
If once he cry, stand away, puff,
He taketh all kindness in snuff.

He holds it a scorn the trueness of love,
But woe to the woman that's forced to prove,
At home, and in every place,
She lives in a pittiful case.

If he do but miss her out of his sight,
He rangeth about like a wandring spright:
And though she be within the house,
He hunts her as Cat doth a Mouse.

If any be with her, O how his heart akes!
He fickle, he tickles, he trembles, he quakes;
But if she be all alone,
He sneaks away like a mome.

Merry Drollerie. 35

If she be abroad, and not to be found,
He hunts, and he sends, like a bloud-hound;
If he her consort doth distaste,
O how the poor fool is agast!

At feasts, and at meetings, O how he will pry,
He'll wink, and nod, and observe her eye;
His mops and mows he will shape,
Like an old Paris-Garden Ape.

If any do kiss her, or kindly her Use,
O how it doth vex him, and make him to muse!
And plague him with such a smart
As gripeth his very heart.

Perhaps he will flatter, and make excuse,
Dissembling his folly, which might her abuse;
And seemingly shows himself kind,
When Jealousie sticks in his mind.

I'll tell you his Virtues, to hold on my Rime,
No fool is kinder for a fit, or a time;
He flatters, he kisses, he swears
It is out of the love that he bears.

If this be true love, I would have no such;
I'll rather wish no love than thus over much;
For thus a fond jealous Else
Disquiets his wife and himself.

I wonder what pleasure he findeth thereby,
To find his own torment that hidden may lye,
And frets like a Canker in heart,
And breeds his continual smart.

36 Merry Drollerie.

He pouts, he lowrs, he looks like a Cur,
He'll chide, he'll brawl, he'll keep a foul stir,
And swear he will slit her face,
Before he'll endure disgrace.

He ruffles, he shuffles, he frets and fumes;
He puffs, and snuffs, and sets up his plumes;
And though the fool have no hurt
He'll call for a Constable blurr.

He fretteth, he swelleth, he spoyleth his diet;
He stormeth, he rageth, he is seldom quiet;
He wastes away like dross,
When none but himself is his Cross.

He mumbles, and grumbles, poor silly man,
He whineth, he pineth, his look pale and wan;
And when he perceives he must die
He cries, out upon Jealousie, fie.

I'd rather be a Cuckold, than be so posselt
With such a foul spirit that never gives rest,
That when the Coxcombe should sleep,
Like a boy, he will play at bopeep.

Besides the great scandal Jealousie bears,
All men will deride him even to his ears,
And boys in the street as he goes
Will point with finger at nose.

He that's a Wittal doth live at more ease,
He knows the worst, and doth himself please:
But he that's a Cuckold known,
May swear it's no fault of his own.

Merry Drollerie. 37

A Wife that's abus'd, if she would not tell,
May work out a Charm to fill his night spell,
Much better to please his mind,
And serve a fool in his kind.

She is now his equal, his flesh, and his mate,
And none but the devil would work their debate:
For being of two made one,
It is fit he should let her alone.

And yet to conclude, though this be a curse,
A woman that's jealous is twenty times worse:
For she, like a cackling hen,
Will giggle it out to all men.

Womens delight.

Here dwelt a maid in the Canny-gate,
And she was wondrous fair,
And she would have an old man
Was overgrown with hair;
And ever she cry'd, O turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou hast the thing I have not,
A little above the knee.

He bought her a Gown of green,
Became her wondrous well:
And she bought him a long sword
To hang down by his heel;
And ever she cry'd, &c.

D

He

38 *Merry Drolletie.*

He bought her a pair of Sheets,
To hang by her side :
And she bought him a winding-sheet
Against the day he dy'd ;
And ever she cry'd &c.

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Imbroyder'd all with gold :
And she gave him a night-cap
To keep him from the cold,
And ever she cry'd, &c.

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Imbroyder'd all with red :
And she gave him a pair of horns
To wear upon his head ;
And ever she cry'd, &c.

She gave him a Perruwig
Because he had no hair :
And he gave her a Merkin,
Because her — was bare ;
And ever she cry'd, turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou hast the thing I have not
A little above the knee.

The charges of a married life

TO friend, and to foe, to all that I know,
That to marriage estate doth prepare

Must

Merry Drollerie. 39

Must think that their daies have several waies,
And troubled with sorrows and cares;
For he that doth look into the married mans book,
And read but his Items all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a sum
Which shall empty purse, pocket, and coffer.

In the pastime of Love,
When their labours do prove,
And the fruit begins for to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
Which women must have or be sick;
There's Item set down
For a loose-bodied Gown,
In her longings you must not deceive her:
For a Bodkin, or a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver.

Deliver'd and well, who is't cannot tell,
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's Item for Wine, and Gossips so fine,
And sugar to sweeten their ripple;
There's Item I hope, there's Item for Sope,
There's Item for fire and candle;
For better, for worse, there's Item for Nurse,
The babe to dress and to dandle.

Then swaddled in lap, there's Item for pap,
And Item for pot, pan, and ladle;
A Corral with bells, which custome compels,
And Item ten groats for a Cradle;

40 *Merry Drollerie.*

With twenty odd Knacks
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pastime bewray thee;
But this is the sport in Country and Court,
Then let not these pastimes betray thee.

The Drunkard.

THE Spring is coming on, and our spirits begin
To return to their places merrily home,
And every man is bound to lay in a good
Brewing of blood for the year to come.

They are Cowards that make it of clarified whay,
Or drink, with the swine, of the juyce of grains;
Let me have the rasie Canary to play,
And the sparkling Rhenish to dance in my veins.

Let dotards go preach, that our lives are but short,
And tell us, much Wine doth quick death invite;
But we'll be reveng'd before hand, and for't
We'll croud a lives mirth in the space of a night.

Then stand we about with our glasses full crown'd,
Till every thing else to our postures do grow,
Till our cups, and our heads, and the house go round,
And the Sellar become where the Chamber is now.

Come fill us some wine, we'll a sacrifice bring,
This night full of Sack to the health of our King,
Till we baffle the Stars, and the Sun fetch about,
And ripple, and tipple, and ripple a rour,

Whof

Merry Drollerie. 41

Whose first rising raies that is shewn from his throne
Shall dash upon faces as red as his own,
And wonder that Mortals can fuddle away
As much wine in a night as he water i'th' day.

In praise of Chocolate.

Doctors lay by your irksome books
And all the petty-fogging Rooks
Leave quacking, and enucleate
The vertues of our Chocolate.

Let th' uniuersal medicine
(Made up of dead-mens bones and skin)
Be henceforth illegitimare,
And yield to soveraign Chocolate.

Let bawdy-baths be us'd no more,
Nor smoaky-stoves, but by the whore
Of *Babylon*, since happy fate
Hath blessed us with Chocolate.

Let old *Pantheus* greaze his shooes
With his Mock-Balsome, and abuse
No more the world : but mediate,
The excellence of Chocolate.

Let Doctor *Trig* (who so excels)
Lo longer trudge to westward Wells ;
For though that water expurgate,
It's but the dregs of Chocolate.

Let

42 Merry Proberie

Let all the Paracelsian Crew,
Who can extract Christian from Jew,
Or out of Monarchy or State
Break all their Stills for Chocolate.

Tell us no more of Weapon-salve,
But rather doom us to a grave
For sure our wounds will ulcerate
Unless they're washt with Chocolate.

The thriving Saint, that will not come
Within a sack-shops bousing Room,
(His spirits to exhilarate)
Drinks bowls (at home) of Chocolate.

His Spouse, when she (brim-full of sense)
Doth want her due benevolence,
And babes of grace would propagate,
Is alwaies sipping Chocolate.

The roaring Crew of gallant ones,
Whose marrow-rots within their bones,
Their bodies quickly regulate,
If once but sours'd in Chocolate.

Young heirs, that have more Land than Wk,
When once they do but taste of it,
Will rather spend their whole Estate
Than weaned be from Chocolate.

The nut-brown Lasset of the Land,
Whom Nature vail'd in face and hand,
Are quickly beauties of high rate,
By one small draught of Chocolate.

Besides

Merry Draberie. 43

Besides, it saves the monies lost
Each day in patches, which did cost
Them dear, untill of late
They found this heavenly Chocolate.

Nor need the women longer grieve,
Who spend their Oyl, yet not conceive;
But it's a help immediate
If such but lick of Chocolate.

Consumptions too (be well assur'd)
Are no less soon than foundly cur'd
(Excepting such as do refuse
Unto the purse) by Chocolate.

Nay more: Its Virtue is so much,
That if a Lady get a touch,
Her grief it will extenuate,
If she but smell of Chocolate.

The feeble man, whom nature tries
To do his Mistress's drudgeries:
O how it will his mind enlarge,
If she allow him Chocolate.

'Twill make old women young and fresh,
Create new motions of the flesh,
And cause them long for you know what,
If they but taste of Chocolate.

There's ne'er a Common-Council man,
Whose life would reach unto a span,
Should he not well affect the State,
And first and last drink Chocolate.

Nor

44 Merry Drollerie.

Nor ne'er a Citizen's chaste wife
That ever shall prolong her life
(Whilſt open ſtands her poſtern gate)
Unless ſhe drink of Chocolate.

Nor doſ't the Levite any harm,
It keepeth his devotion warm,
And eke the hair upon his pate,
So long as he drinks Chocolate.

Both high and low, both rich and poor,
My Lord, my Lady, and his ———
With all the folks at *Billingsgate*,
Bow, bow your hams to Chocolate.

A Catch.

THere was an old man had an Acre of land
He ſold it for five pound a,
He went to the Tavern and dranke it all out,
Excepting half a Crown a:
And as he came home he met with a wench,
And ask'd her, whether ſhe was willing
To go to the Tavern and ſpend eighteen pence
And ——— for the other odd ſhilling.

The Cavaleer's Complaint.

COME *Jask*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I shall tell thee such a Tale
Will make thine Ears to ring:
My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
And I this only Fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.

But this doth most afflict my mind,
I went to Court, in hope to find
Some of my Friends in Place;
And walking there, I had a fight
Of all the Crew: But, by this Light,
I hardly knew one Face!

S'lfe, of so many Noble Sparkes,
Who, on their Bodies, bear the Markes
Of their Integrity,
And suffer'd Ruin of Estate;
It was my damn'd unhappy Fate,
That I not one could see!

Not one, upon my life, among
My old Acquaintance, all along
At *Truro*, and before;
And, I suppose, the Place can shew
As few of those, whom thou didst know
As *Torke*, or *Marston-moore*.

But,

46 Merry Drollerie.

But, truly, There are swarms of Those,
Whose Chins are beardless, yet their Hose
And Buttocks still wear Muffs,
Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
Retires, or dares not once appear
For want of Coyn, and Cuffs.

When none of These I could descry,
Who, better far deserv'd; Then I
Calmly did reflect;
Old Services, (by Rule of State)
Like *Almanacks*, grow out of date,
What then can I expect?

Troth, in contempt of Fortunes frown,
I'll get me fairly out of Town,
And, in a Cloyster pray,
That, since the Scars are yet unkind
To Royallists, the King may find
More faithful Friends than They.

An Eccho to the Cavaliers complaint.

I Marvel Dick, That having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The World, as Thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint Me with a Tale
As old as *Nesfor*, and as stale:
As That of Priest and Nun!

Are We to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortunes spott,
Where Merits scarce appear:

For

Merry Drollerie. 47

For bashful Merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages and Cells,
Alas! it dwells not There.

Desert is nice in its Address,
And Merit oftentimes doth oppress
Beyond what Guilt would do:
But They are sure of Their Demands,
That come to Court with Golden-hands
And Brazen-faces too.

The King, They say, doth still profess
To give His Party some Redress,
And cherish Honesty:
But His good Wishes prove in vain,
Whose Service with His Servants gain,
Not alwaies doth agree.

All Princes, (be they ne'er so wise)
Are fain to see with Others Eyes,
But seldom hear arailly,
And Courtiers find't their interest,
In Time to feather well their Nest,
Providing for their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, when they are at worst, will mend:
And let Us but reflect
On our Condition th' other Day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
What did We then expect?

Mean while a calm Retreat is best:
But Discontent (if not suppress)

Will

48 Merry Drollerie.

Will breed Disloyalty.
This is the constant Note I sing,
I have been faithful to the King,
And so shall ever be.

The Colchester Quaker.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Naylor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what hope,
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

Unto our whole profession,
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though the Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gamball,

Had

Merry Drollerie. 49

Had thy flesh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
 Hadst thou sweetned thy Gumbs
 With Pottage of Plumbs,
Or profane minc'd-Pie hadst swallow'd.

Roll'd up in wanton swines flesh,
The fiend might have crept into thee,
 Then fulness of gut
 Might have made thee rut.
And the devil so have rid through thee.

But alas, he had been feasted
With a spiritual Collation
 By our frugal Mayer,
 Who can dine with a Prayer,
And sup with an Exhortation.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal,
 Filly-Foal, quoth he,
 My Bride thou shalt be :
Now how this is lawful, learn all.

For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst the sons of *Adam*,
 In a large extent,
 Then may it be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

Then without more Ceremony,
Nor Bonnet vail'd, nor kist her,
 He took her by force
 For better for worse,
And he us'd her like a Sister.

E

Now

50 Merry Droverie.

Now when in such a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though I dare not say,
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

For so our * Masters teach us,
The intent being well directed;
Though the devil trapan
The Adamical man,
The Saint stands uninfected.

* Hist. of Jesuitism

But yet a Pagan Jury
Still Judges what's intended,
Then say what we can,
Brother *Green's* outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our Adopred Sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroule
For a Saint ; Filly Foal
Shall pass at least for a Martyr.

Now *Rome* that Spiritual *Sodom*
No longer is thy debter,
O *Colchester* now
Who's *Sodom*, but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

Help

Merry Drollerie. 51

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor* ;
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion.

Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*.

The Character of a Mistris.

MY Mistris is a shittle-cock,
Compos'd of Cork and Feather,
Each Battledore sets her on the dock,
And bumps her on the leather :
But cast her off which way you will,
She will requoile to another still, Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

My Mistris is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Cotten fine ;
She is often struck against the wall,
And banded under-line,
But if you will her mind fulfil,
You must pop her in the hazard still, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Nightringale,
So sweetly she can sing,
She is as fair as Philomel,
The daughter of a King ;
And in the darksome nights so thick
She loves to lean against a prick, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Ship of war,
With shot discharged at her,

52 *Merry Drollerie.*

The Poope hath inferred many a scar
 Even both by wind and water ;
 But as she grapples, at the last
 She drowns the man, pulls down her mast, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Virginal,
 And little cost will string her :
 She's often rear'd against the wall
 For every man to finger,
 But to say truth, if you will her please
 You must run division on her keyes, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Conny fine,
 She's of the softest skin,
 And if you please to open her,
 The best part lies within,
 And in her Conny-burrow may
 Two Tumblers and a Ferrit play, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is the Moon so bright,
 I wish that I could win her ;
 She never walks but in the night,
 And bears a man within her,
 Which on his back bears pricks and thorns,
 And once a month she brings him horns, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Tinder-box,
 Would I had such a one ;
 Her Steel endureth many a knock
 Both by the flint and stone,
 And if you stir the Tinder much,
 The match will fire at every touch, Fa, la, la.

Merry Drollerie. 53

My Mistris is a Puritan,
She will not swear an oath,
But for to lye with any man
She is not very loath;
Put pure to pure, and there's no sin,
There's nothing lost that enters in, Fa, la, la.

But why should I my Mistris call,
A shittle-cock or bawble,
A Ship of war, or Tennis-ball,
Which things be variable?
But to commend, I'll say no more,
My Mistris is an arrant — Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Oliver routing the Rump.

(before,
WILL you hear a strange thing, ne'er heard of
A Ballad of news without any lyes:
The Parliament men are turn'd out of door,
And so is the Council of State likewise.

Brave *Oliver* came into th' House like a spright,
His fiery looks made the Speaker dumbe:
You must be gone home, quoth he, by this light,
Do you mean to sit here till dooms-day come?

With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear,
As if he had been with the Night-mare rid,
Which made most men believe, that were there,
That he did even as the Alderman did.

54 *Merry Drollerie.*

For *Oliver*, though he were Doctor at Law,
It seems he plaid the Physitian there :
Whose Phylick so wrought in the Speakers maw,
That it gave him a Stool instead of a Chair.

Sir *Arthur* thought *Oliver* wondrous bold,
Hoping there to make some stir :
But in the mean time, take this from me,
Sir *Arthur* must yield to brave *Oliver*.

Harry Martin wondred to see such a thing
Done by a Saint of so high degree :
An Act he did not expect from a King,
Much less from such a dry-bone as he.

But *Oliver*, laying hands on his Sword,
Upbraids him with Adultery :
Then *Martin* gave him never a word,
But humbly thank'd his Majesty.

Much wit he had shewed if that he had dar'd,
But silent he was for fear of some knocks :
Quoth he, if I get you within my Ward,
I may chance to send you out with a Pox.

Allen the Copper-smith was in great fear,
He had done as much hurt since the war began :
A broken Citizen many a year,
And now he's a broken Parliament-man.

But *Oliver* told him what he had been,
And him a cheating Knave did call,
Which put him into a fit of the spleen,
For now he must give an account of all.

Merry Drollerie. 55

It went to the heart of Sir *Henry Vane*
To think what a terrible fall he should have :
For he who did once in the Parliament raigñ
Was call'd, as I hear, a dissembling knave.

Who gave him that name you may easily know,
'Twas one that studied the art full well,
You may swear it was true, if he call'd him so,
And how to dissemble I'm sure he can tell.

Bradshaw, the President, proud as the Pope,
Who lov'd upon Kings and Princes to trample,
Now the House is dissolved, who cannot but hope
To see such a President made an example ?

If I were one of the Council of State,
I'll tell you what my vote should be :
Upon his new Turret at *Westminster*
There to be hang'd he should be.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,
And room for the rest of the rabble-rout :
My Masters, is not this a pittiful case,
Like the snuff of a candle thus to go out ?

I cannot but wonder you should agree,
You that have been such brethren in evill :
A dissolution there needs must be,
When the Devil is divided against the Devil.

Some like this Change, and some like it not ;
Some say, it was not done in due season ;
Some say it way the Jesuites plor,
It so much resembles the Gunpowder Treason.

56 Merry Drollerie.

Some think that *Cromwel* and *Charles* are agreed,
And sure it were good policy if it were so,
Left the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Swede*
Should bring him in whether he will or no.

And now I would gladly conclude my Song
With a prayer as *Ballads* use to do,
But yet I'll forbear, for I hope er't be long
We shall have the *King* and a *Parliament* too.

Admiral Deans Funeral.

1.

Nick *Culpepper*, and *William Lilly*,
Though you were pleas'd to say they were silly,
Yet something these prophes'd true, I tell you,
Which no body can deny.

2.

In the month of *May*, I tell you truly,
Which neither was in *June* nor *July*,
The *Dutch* began to be unruly,
Which no body can deny.

3.

Betwixt our *England* and their *Holland*,
Which neither was in *France* nor *Poland*,
But on the *Sea*, where there was no *Land*,
Which no body can deny.

4.

There joy'n'd the *Dutch* and the *English Fleet*,
Our *Authors* opinion then they did meet,
Some saw't that never more shall see't,
Which no body can deny.

There

Merry Drollerie. 57

5.

There were many mens hearts as heavy as lead,
Yet would not believe *Dick Dean* to be dead,
Till they saw his Body take leave of his head,
Which no body can deny.

6.

Then after the sad departure of him,
There was many a man lost a Leg or a Lim,
And many were drown'd 'cause they could not swim,
Which no body can deny.

7.

One cries, lend me thy hand good friend,
Although he knew it was to no end,
I think, quoth he, I am going to the Fiend,
Which no body can deny.

8.

Some, 'twas reported, were kill'd with a Gun,
And some stood that knew not whether to run,
There was old taking leave of Father and Son,
Which no body can deny.

9.

There's a rumour also, if we may believe,
We have many gay Widdows now given to grieve,
'Cause unmannerly Husbands ne'er came to take
Which no body can deny. (leave,

10.

The Ditty is sad of our *Deane* to sing;
To say truth, it was a pittiful thing
To take off his head and not leave him a ring.
Which no body can deny.

11.

From *Greenwich* toward the Bear at Bridge foot
He was waisted with wind that had water to't,
But I think they brought the devil to boot,
Which no body can deny,

The

58 *Merry Drollerie.*

12.

The heads on *London* Bridge upon Poles,
That once had bodies, and honeste foules
Than hath the Master of the Roules,
Which no body can deny.

13.

They grieved for this great man of command,
Yet would not his head amongst theirs should stand;
He dy'd on the Water, and they on the Land,
Which no body can deny.

14.

I cannot say, they look'd wisely upon him,
Because people cursed that parcel was on him;
He has fed fish and worms, if they do not wrong him,
Which no body can deny.

15.

The Old Swan, as he passed by,
Said, she would sing him a dirge, and lye down & die:
Wilt thou sing to a bit of a body, quoth I?
Which no body can deny.

16.

The Globe on the bank, I mean, on the Ferry,
Where Gentle and Simple might come & be merry,
Admired at the change from a Ship to a Wherry,
Which no body can deny.

17.

Tom Godfreys Bears began for to roare,
Hearing such moans one side of the shore,
They knew they should never see *Dean* any more,
Which no body can deny.

18.

Queenhithe, *Pauls*-Wharf, and the Fryers also,
Where now the Players have little to do,
Let him pass without any tokens of woe,
Which no body can deny.

Quoth

Merry Drollerie. 59

19.

(names,

Quoth th' Students o' th' Temple, I know not their
Looking out of their Chambers into the Thames,
The Barge fits him better than did the great *James*,
Which no body can deny.

20.

Essex House, late called Cuckolds Hall,
The Folk in the Garden staring over the wall,
Said, they knew that once *Pride* would have a fall,
Which no body can deny.

21.

At Strand Gate, a little farther then,
Were mighty Guns numbred to sixty and ten,
Which neither hurt Children, Women, nor Men,
Which no body can deny.

22.

They were shot over times one, two, three, or four,
'Tis thought one might' heard the bounce roth' Tower,
Folk report, the din made the Buttermilk sower,
Which no body can deny.

23.

Had old Goodman *Lenthal* or *Allen* but heard 'um,
The noise worse than *Oliviers* voice would' fear'd 'um,
And out of their small wits would have scar'd 'um.
Which no body can deny.

24.

Sommerfet House, where once did the Queen lye,
And afterwards *Ireton* in black, and not green, by,
The Canon clattered the Windows really,
Which no body can deny.

25.

The *Savoy*s mortified spittled Crew,
If I lye, as *Falstaffe* saies, I am a Jew, (spew,
Gave the Hearse such a look it would make a man
Which no body can deny. The

60 *Merry Drollerie.*

26.

The House of S — that Fool and Knave,
Had so much wit left lamentation to save
From accompanying a traytorly Rogue to his grave,
Which no body can deny.

27.

The Exchange, and the ruines of *Durham* House eke
Wish'd such sights might be seen each day i' th' week,
A Generals Carcass without a Cheek,
Which no body can deny.

28.

The House that lately Great *Buckingham's* was,
Which now *Sir Thomas Fairfax* has,
Wish'd it might be *Sir Thomas's* fate so to pass,
Which no body can deny.

29.

Howards House, *Suffolks* great Duke of Yore,
Sent him one single sad wish, and no more,
He might flote by *Whitehall* in purple gore,
Which no body can deny.

30.

Something I should of *Whitehall* say,
But the Story is so sad, and so bad, by my fay,
That it turns my wits another way,
Which no body can deny.

31.

To *Westminster*, to the Bridge of the Kings,
The water the Barge, and the Barge-men brings
The small remain of the worst of things,
Which no body can deny.

32.

They interr'd him in triumph, like *Lewis* the eleven,
In the famous Chappel of *Henry* the seven,
But his soul is scarce gone the right way to heaven,
Which no body can deny. A

Merry Drollerie. 61

A Catch.

B *Accus*, I am come from the sun-shine fell
To you, mad Wags, the force of Wine to tell,
And from those Sack-butts, prest from grapes of *Spain*,
There's none shall taste but I will taste again.

Sack, Sack is the thing that makes the brain rumble,
It fools the wise, and makes the Gallant stumble.
Sack hath the power the sence of man depriving,

O take heed then ;

Sack keeps the wealthy man from thriving,

Fools then be wise.

He that in drink doth keep no mean

It makes him lean ;

And he that reels,

See what he feels :

Now in foul dirt he prostrate falls,

And picks mad quarrels with the walls ;

Nor shall his drouzie sence, that lies asleep,

Be well recover'd in a night of sleep.

A Catch.

BE not thou so foolish nice
As to be invited twice ;
Why should we men more incite
Than their own sweet appetite ?

Shall

62 Merry Drollerie.

Shall savage things more freedom have
Than Nature unto Women gave ?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
Bill a while, and then take marrow ;
They bill, they kifs, what else they do,
Come bill and kifs, and I'll shew you.

Pim's Anarchy.

Aske me no more, why there appears
A Dayly such troopes of Dragooneers,
Since it was requisite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio*.

Aske me no more, why the Gule confines
Our Hierarchy of best Divines,
Since some in Parliament agree
'Tis for the Subjects Liberry.

Aske me no more, why from *Blackwall*
Great tumults come into *Whitehall*,
Since it was allowed, by free consent,
The Priviledges of Parliament.

Aske me not, why to *Landon* comes
So many Musquets, Pikes, and Drums,
So that we fear they'll never cease,
'Tis to protect the Kingdoms peace.

Aske me no more, why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to winch,

Since

Merry Drollerie. 63

Since such as dare to hawk at Kings
Can easie clip a Finches wings.

Aske me no more, why *Strafford's* dead,
And why they aim'd so at his head,
Faith, all the reason I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wise to live.

Aske me no more, where's all the Plate,
Brought in at such an easie rate,
They it back to the Owners soon will bring
In case it fall not to the King.

Aske me not, why the House delights
Not in our two wise Kentish Knights:
Their Counsel never was thought good,
Because it was not understood.

Aske me no more, why *Lassey* goes
To seize all rich men as his foes,
Whilst Country Farmers sigh and sob,
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Aske me no more, by what strange fight
Londons Lord Maior was made a Knight,
Since there's a strength, not very far,
Hath as much power to make as mar.

Aske me no more, why in this Age
I sing so sharp without a Cage:
My answer is, I need not fear
Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Aske

64 *Merry Drollerie.*

Aske me no more, for I grow dull,
Why *Hotham* kept the Town of *Hull* :
This answer I in brief do sing,
All things were thus when *Pim* was K—

A merrie Journey to France.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Not for to learn to sing nor dance,
To ride, nor yet to fence,
But for to see strange fights, as those
That have return'd without a nose
They carried away from hence.

As I to *Paris* rode along,
Like to *John Dory* in the Song,
Upon a holy Tyde,
Where I an ambling Nag did get,
I hope he is not paid for yet,
I spurr'd him on each side.

First, to Saint *Dennis* then I came,
To see the fights at *Noftredame*,
The man that shews them snaffles :
That who so list, may there believe
To see the Virgin *Maries* Sleeve,
And eke her odd Pantaffles.

The breast-milk, and the very Gown
That she did wear in *Bethlehem* Town,
When in the Barn she lay :

But

Merry Drollerie. 65

But men may think that is a Fable,
For such good cloaths ne'er came in Stable
Upon a lock of hay.

No Carpenter can by his trade
Have so much Coin as to have made
A gown of such rich Stuff:
But the poor fools must, for their credit,
Believe, and swear old *Joseph* did it,
'Cause he receiv'd enough.

There is the Lanthorn which the Jews,
When *Judas* led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight down-right;
And then you must suppose and think
The Jews therein did put a Link,
And then 'twas wondrous bright.

There is one Saint has lost his nose,
Another his head, but not his toes,
An elbow, and a thumb;
When we had seen those holy rags,
We went to the Inne and took our Nags,
And so away we come.

We came to *Paris*, on the *Seine*,
'Tis wondrous fair, but little clean,
'Tis *Enropes* greatest Town:
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For every one may easily smell it
As they ride up and down.

There's many rare sights for to see,
The Palace, the great Gallery,
Place-Royal doth excell;

66 Merry Droverie.

The Newbridge, and the Statute stairs,
At Rotterdam, Saint Christophers,
The Steeple bears the Bell.

For Arts, the Univerfity,
And for old Cloaths, the Frippery,
The Queen the fame did build;
Saint Innocent, whose earth devours
Dead Corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the King was kill'd.

The Bastile, and Saint Dennis street,
The Chaftelet, like London Fleet;
The Arsenal is no toy;
But if you will fee the pretty thing,
Oh go to Court and fee the King;
Oh he is a hopeful boy.

He is of all Dukes and Peers;
Reverenc'd for wit as well as years;
Nor must you think it much
That he with little switches play,
And can make fine dirt-pies of Clay,
O never King made fuch.

Birds round about his Chamber ftands,
The which he feeds with his own hands,
'Tis his humility:
And if they want any thing,
They may but whistle to their King
And he comes prefently.

A bird that can but catch a Fly,
Or prate to please his Majesty,
It's known to every one;

The

Merry Drollerie. 67

The Duke *De Guise* gave him a Parrot,
And he had twenty Cannons for it
For his great Gallion.

O that it e'er might be my hap
To catch the bird that in the Map
They call the Indian Chuck,
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As great and wise a man as he,
Or else I had ill luck.

Besides, he hath a pretty firk,
Taught him by Nature, for to work
In Iron with much ease:
And then unto the Forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and Keys.

Which puts a doubt in every one
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcans* Son,
For few believe his Mother:
For his Incestuous House could not
Have any Children, unless got
By Uncle, or by Brother.

Now for these Virtues needs he must
Intituled be *Lewis* the Just,
Henries Great Heir;
Where to his Stile we add more words,
Better to call him King of Birds
Than of the Great *Navar*.

His Queen, she is a little Wench,
Was born in *Spain*, speaks little French,
Ne'er like to be a Mother:

68 *Merry Drollerie.*

But let them all say what they will,
I do beleeve, and shall do still,
As soon the one as t'other.

Then why should *Lewis* be so just,
Contented be to take his lust
With his lascivious Mate,
Or suffer this his little Queen,
From all her Sex that e'er had been,
Thus to degenerate?

'Twere charity to have it known,
Love other Children as his own
To him it were no shame:
For why should he near greater be
Than was his Father *Henry*,
Who, some say, did the same?

A Sessions of Wit.

A Session was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himself was at it (they say :)
The Laurel, that had been so long preserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flockt together;
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was *Selden*, and he sat close to the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;

Merry Drollerie. 69

Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no Order;
Digby and *Shillingworth* a little further.

There was *Lucans* Translator too, and he
That made God speak so big in's Poetry;
Selwin, and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers,
Jack Vaughan, and *Porter*, and diverse others.

The first that broke silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly, he deserv'd the Bayes,
For his were call'd Works when others were call'd
(Plaies;

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errours that had lasted many an Age;
And he hoped they did not think the *Silent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out-done by no man.

Apollo stop't him there, and bid him nor go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which *Ben* turn'd about,
And in great choler offered to go out.

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a Wit,
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine Host of his own new *Inne*.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a *Laureat*;
His Muse was hide-bound, and the Issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

70 Merry Drollerie.

And all that were present there did agree
A Laureat Muse should be easie and free ; (*Carace*
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Consider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will, Davenant ashamed of a foolish mischance,
That he had got lately travelling into *France*,
Modestly hoped the handsomness of's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company would have been content
If they could have found any precedent,
But in all their Records, either in *Verse* or *Prose*,
There was not one Laureat without a *Nose*.

To *Will Bartlet* sure all the Wits meant well,
But first they would see how his Snow would sell :
Will smil'd, and swore, in their Judgments they went
That concluded of merit upon success. (*left*,

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who straight slept in ;
But, alas, he had been so lately a wit
That *Apolla* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews, (Pox on him) what made he there?
Was whispering nothing in some bodies eare
When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
But, Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carlisle* for't.

For had not her Character furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt,
You, and the sorry Lady-Muse, had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

Merry Drollerie. 71

In from the Court two or three come in,
And they brought Letters (forsooth) from the Queen:
'Twas discreetly done; for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

This made a dispute, for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himself could not think it fit:
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling & wit.

Jack was now call'd, but durst not appear,
But straight one whisper'd *Apollo* in the ear,
That of all men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport.

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of Wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publikely said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his Trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial:
But wise *Apollo* asked him first of all,
If he understood his own *Pastoral*.

For if he could do't, 'twould plainly appeare
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the *Bayes* above all the rest,
But the *Monsieur* was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles, in the croud was hid
One that *Apollo* soon miss'd, little *Cid*:
And having spide him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

72 Merry Drollerie.

Then *Murre* was summon'd, but it was urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another Company.

Hales sat by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep such a coile ;
Apollo had spide him, but knowing his mind,
Past by, and call'd *Faulkland*, that sat just behind.

But he was of late so grown with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though, to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length, who but an *Alderman* did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to swear ;
But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher :
And when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declared, that it was the best sign
Of good store of wit, to have good store of Coyn :
And, without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the *Aldermans* head,

At this all the Wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another ; not one in the place
But had a discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small ones cheared up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing ;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

The way to wooe a zealous Lady.

I Came unto a Puritan to wooe,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse ;
She shov'd me from her when I came unto ;
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this :
And as I her with amorous talk saluted,
My Articles with Scripture she confuted.

She told me, that I was too much profane,
And not devout neither in speech nor feature :
And I could not one word answer again,
Nor had not so much grace to call her Sister ;
For ever something did offend her there,
Either my broad beard, har, or my long hair.

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,
My Points and Girdle made the greatest show ;
My Sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,
My Spanish shooes was cut too broad at toe ;
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,
My Gloves perfum'd, and had a scent too strong.

I left my pure Mistris for a space,
And to a snip-snap Barber straight went I ;
I cut my hair, and did my Corps uncase
Of 'Parrels pride that did offend the eye ;
My high-crown'd Hat, my little beard also,
My pecked Band, my Shooes were sharp at toe.

74 *Merry Drollerie.*

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aside,
And I transform'd both in looks and speech;
My Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of pride,
My little Skirts, my ~~metamorphos'd~~ Breech,
My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd shorter,
My Gloves no scent; thus march'd I to her Porter.

The Porter spide me, and did lead me in,
Where his sweet Mistis reading was a Chapter:
Peace to this house, and all that are therein,
Which holy words with admiration wrapt her;
And ever, as I came her something nigh,
She, being divine, turn'd up the white o' th' eye.

Quoth I, ~~don't~~ and that lik'd her well;
I kist her, and did pass to some delight,
She, blushing, said, that long-tail'd men would tell;
Quoth I, I'll be as silent as the night;
And lest the wicked now should have a fight
Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the light.

O do not swear, quoth she, but put it out,
Because that I would have you save your Oath,
In truth, you shall but kiss me, without doubt;
In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both;
Swear you, quoth she, in troth? Had you not sworn
I'd not have don't, but took it in foul scorn.

The Apostate World.

Good Lord, what a pass is this world brought to;
Most men have forgot to be honest and just;
When shall one find a friend to be honest and true,
That with his chief secret he only may trust?
If thou hadst abundance of money to spend,
Then every man will be accounted thy friend;
Find one that will love you where wealth doth decay,
You'd as good find a needle in a bottle of hay.

True friendship is, now adays, cunning and waining,
And every one learns to shift for himself;
What man will not falsifie friendship for gaining,
And wrong his best friend for lucre of self?
There was once a time when a friend for a friend
Would ever be constant his life for to spend;
But he that will find such a friend at this day,
Had as good seek, &c.

There's many will hang on you while you have coyn,
And swear they will venture their lives for your sake:
But to any task, if you them enjoyn,
They'll swear and protest they'll it undertake,
But if by mishap you be brought to a pinch, (inch
Though they promise an ell, 'twill scarce prove an
But find out a friend that will do and not say,
You'd as good find, &c.

For in this Age one dare not trust one another,
For love is not known, but extremitie the vs.

For

76 Merry Drollerie.

For one Brother dares hardly trust another
With any thing but what he cares not who knows;
If thou hast not money nor means of thine own,
In thine extremity true friendship is known;
If thou livest in debt, find one that will good say,
You'd as good find, &c.

There's many a Lawyer will promise his Client
To finish his business in the next Term;
To finger your money he'll shew himself pliant,
And vows that nothing but truth he'll explain;
And thus he will feed you with hopes to do well,
When he means as false as the devil of hell;
Find one that will finish your Suit in a day,
You'd as good find, &c.

And thus you may see what an intricate matter
It is to find truth in a World of deceit;
It is counted but complement to face and to flatter,
And politick wisdom to cozen and chear;
Plain dealing is a Jewel, but he that doth use it,
They say, dies a beggar, therefore men refuse it;
Find one that will deal upright, nay good Sir say,
And first find a needle in a bottle of hay.

Lust described.

VAlking abroad in a morning,
Where *Venus* her self was adorning;
I heard a bird sing to welcome the Spring,
Their musick so sweetly according.

Merry Drollerie. 77

I listened unto them,
Me thoughts a voice did summon;
I spide an old whore, and a lusty young rogue
Together as they fate a wooing.

She tickled him under the sides
To make their courage coming;
She hoysted her thighs, and she twinkled her eyes;
'Twas a dainty fine curious old woman.

If *Venus* and *Mars* so stout
Had joynd together in battle,
There could not have been more claps & more bangs,
For he made her old buttocks to rattle.

She gave him a lift for his thrust,
And catcht him as he was a coming;
And ever she cry'd, you lusty young rogue
Will you murder a poor old woman?

She found that his spirits were spent,
And that he was no more a coming,
She gave him five shillings to make a recruite,
And was not this a fine lusty old woman?

Eighty Eight.

In Eighty Eight, e'er I was born,
As I can well remember,
In *August* was a Fleet of *Spain*,
A month before *September*.

Lisbona

78 Merry Drollerie.

Lisbona, civill Portingal,
Tolledo, and Germado,
 They all dig meet, and made a Fleet,
 And call'd it the *Armado*.

They came with great provision,
 As Muttons, Bief, and Bacon;
 Some said, some Ships were full of Whips,
 But I think they were mistaken.

There was a little man in *Spain*,
 He shot well in a Gun a;
Don Pedro high, as black a Wight
 As the Knight of the Sun.

They had ten men to one of ours,
 And yet to do more harm a;
 They said they would not come alone,
 But with the Prince of *Parma*.

King *Philip* made him General,
 And bid him not to flay a;
 But to destroy both man and boy,
 And so to come away a.

When they had sail'd along the Seas,
 And anchor'd before *Dover*,
 Our English men did board them then,
 And cast the Rascals over.

At *Tilbury* there lay the Queen,
 What would you more desire?
 For whose sweet sake Sir *Francis Drake*
 Did set them all on fire.

They

Merry Drollerie. 79

They ran away about *England*,
About *Scotland* also a,
Till they came to the *Irish Coasts*,
Where they had many a blow a.

The *Irish man* did ding them then
And one man *slew threescore a*,
And had they not then run away,
They surely had slain more a.

Then let them never brag nor boast,
For if they come again a,
They had best take heed, lest shall they speed
As they did they know when a.

Loves Follie.

Nay, out upon this fooling for shame;
Nay pish, nay fie, in faith you are to blame;
Nay come, this fooling must not be;
Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

Nay out upon't, in faith I dare not do't;
I'll bite, I'll scratch, I'll squeak, I'll cry out;
Nay come, this fooling must not be;
Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

Your Buttons scratch me, you ruffle my band,
You hurt my thighs, pray take away your hand;
The door stands open that all may see,
Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

When

80 *Merry Drollerie.*

When you and I shall meet in a place
Both together face to face,
I'll not cry out, nay you shall see,
Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

But now I see my words are but vain,
For I have done, why should I complain?
Nay to't again, the way is free,
Since it's no more pray tickle me.

A Song.

If every woman were serv'd in her kind,
And every man had his due desert,
The rooms in Bridewel would be well lin'd,
And a Coach could not pass the streets for a Cart;
Yet I am a little vex'd at the heart,
And fain I would have my grief to be known,
The Punck would have me to play a kind part,
And to father a child that is none of mine own.

Full seventeen months I crost the Seas,
Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
For all this while she sate at her ease,
And had her Companions at her command;
There was never a Gallant but gave her his hand,
And said, it was pittie she should lie alone,
And now they would have me subscribe to a bond,
And to father a child, &c.

Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that;
Although

Merry Drollerie. 81

Although I am a Buck, I am not so wild
To naile up my horns for another mans hat ;
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my fortune to be overthrown,
Although I am an Oxe, I'll ne'er be an Ass
To father a child, &c.

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another mans child to nurse,
And hoodwinke his Birn with ignorance,
But he that's a Wital is ten times worse ;
And he that knows his cros and his curse,
And still will be led by a Scrumpets moan,
May sit and sell horns at Britains Burse.
And father a child, &c.

And if you will be my Judge,
Is not that man wondrous base,
To be another mans slave and his drudge,
And sell all his credit for disgrace ?
Nor was I ever sprung from that race,
To call that my seed another hath sown ;
Nor I'll never look King Charles in the face
If I father a child that's none of mine own:

The Fire on London Bridge, &c.

Some Christian people all give ear,
Unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
The Which it hapned thus.

G

And

82 Merry Drollerie.

And eke there befell an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to Saw chips his sharp Axe lent,
Woe worth the time may *Lon.*—

May *London* say, Woe worth the Carpenter,
And all such *Block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which ~~put out~~ in such flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lives beyond the *T Thames*.

For *Loe* the Bridge was wondrous high
With water underneath,
O'er which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It fell down nor with standing.

And eke into the water fell,
So many Pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyl'd* and *roasted* Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Hulf* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And

Merry Droverie. 83

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my Song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *Fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *Water*.

I'll tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was fair *London* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

All on the tenth of *January*,
To the wonder of much people,
Twas frozen o'er, that *well* 'twould bear
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did *fall out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great wager makes :
But when he saw he could not win,
He fight, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound ;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*—
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a, Lon-a, London.

84 Merry Drollerie.

Oh! tut-tut turn from thy sinful race,
Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, *alack, alack*;
The water ran down their throats,
And stop't their breaths three hours by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that children have,
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to fit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been seen,
If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman ties his dogs,
For fear they should go from him,
So tye your children with severities clogs,
Untye-'um and you'l undo-'um.

God bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bless *all th' Commons* of this Land,
And God bless *some o'th' Peers.*

England

Englands Woe.

I Mean to speak of *Englands* sad fate,
To help in mean time the King, and his Mate,
That's ruled by an Antipodian State,
Which no body can deny.

But had these seditious times been when
We had the life of wise Poet *Ben*,
Parsons had never been Parliament men,
Which no body can deny.

Had Statesmen read the Bible throughout,
And not gone by the Bible so round about,
They would have ruled themselves without doubt,
Which no body can deny.

But Puritans now bear all the sway,
They'll have no Bishops as most men say,
But God send them berter another day,
Which no body can deny.

Zealous *Pryn* has threatned a great downfall,
To cut off long locks that is bushy and small,
But I hope he will not take ears and all,
Which no body can deny.

Prin, Burton, saies women that's leud and loose,
Shall wear no stallion locks for a bush,
They'll only have private boyes for their use,
Which no body can deny.

86 Merry Drollerie.

They'l not allow what pride it brings,
Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,
They'l convert all ribbands to Bible strings,
Which no body can deny.

God bleſs our King and Parliament,
And ſend he may make ſuch K——repent
That breed our Land ſuch diſcontent,
Which no body can deny.

And bleſs our Queen and Prince alſo,
And all true Subjects both high and low,
The brownings can pray for themſelves you know,
Which no body can deny.

A Catch.

Come my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waſte the Chriſtal day;
'Tis *Strephon* calls: What would my Love?
Come follow to the Mirtle Grove,
Where *Venus* ſhall prepare
New Chaplets for thy hair.
Were I ſhut up within a tree,
I'd rent the bark to follow thee;
My ſhepherd make haſte,
The Minutes fly too faſt.

In thoſe cooler ſhades will I,
Blind as *Cupid*, kiſs thine eye;
On thy boſome there I'll ſtray,
In that warm ſnow who would not loſe their way?

We'll

Merry Drollerie. 87

We'll laugh, and leave the World behind ;
The Gods themselves that see
Shall envy thee and me,
And never find such joys
When they embrace a Deity.

The Beggar, a Catch.

CAst your Caps and cares away,
This is the Beggars holliday ;
At the crowning of our King
Thus we dance, and thus we sing ;
Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our peace and rest,
To the Field we are not prest,
Nor be raised in the Town
To be troubled with a Gown.

In this world behold and see,
Where's so happy a King as he ?
Where's the Nation lives so free,
Or so merry as do we ?
Hang up the Officers we cry,
And your Masters we defie ;
When the Subsidy daies encreas'd
We are not a penny seas'd ;
Nor will any go to law
With the Beggar for a straw :
All which happiness, he brags
He doth owe unto his rags.

88 Merry Drollerie.

Ladies Delight.

HAng Chastity it is for the milking pail,
Ladies ought to be more valiant :
Not to be confin'd in body and mind
Is the temper of a right she Gallant ;
Hither all you Amazons that are true
To this famous Dildoe profession,
She is no bonny Lasse that fears to transgress
The Act against Fornication.

The Country Dame, that loves the old sport,
Or delights in a new invention,
May be fitted here, if they please to repair
To this high ranting Convention ;
If you are weiry of your Coyne,
Or of your Chastity,
Here is costly toyes, or hot-metled boyes,
That will ease you presently.

Both curious heads, and wanton tailes
May here have satisfaction ;
Here is all kind of ware that useful are
For pride or provocation ;
Here's Drugs to paint, or Powder to perfume,
Or Ribbon of the best fashion ;
Here's dainy meat will fit you for the feat
Beyond all expectation.

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Merry Drollerie. 89

Here's curious patches to set out your faces,
And make you resemble the sky;
Or here's looking-glasses to shew the poor Asles,
Your Husbands, their destiny;
Here's bawbles too to play withall,
And some to stand in stead;
This place doth afford both for your brow,
And stallions for your head.

Old Ladies here may be reliev'd,
If Ushers they do lack,
Or if they'll not discharge their husbands at large,
But grow foundred in the back;
Green visag'd Damsels, that are sick
Of a troubled Maidenhead,
May here, if they please, be cur'd of the disease
And their green colours turned to red.

The Scotch War.

When first the Scottish War began (& Pike,
The English man, we did trapan, with pestilic
The bonny blythe and cunning Scot (like;
Had then a plot, which they did not, well smell, it's
Although he could neither write, nor read,
Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*
With his gay gnggh, of Blew-caps all;
We took *New-Castle* in a trice,
But we thought it had been Paradise,
They did look, all so bonny and gay,
Till we took all, their Pillage away.

Then

90 Merry Drollerie.

Then did we streight to plundering fall
Of great & small, for we were all most valiant that day;
And *Jimmy* in a Satten Gown, the best in the Town,
Frow heel to Crown was gallant and gay;
Our silks and sweets made such a smother,
Next day we knew not one another:
For *Lockie* did never so shine,
And *linny* was never so fine;
A geud faith a gat a ged Beaver then,
But it's beat into a Blew-cap agen
By a Red-coat, that did still cry, Rag,
And a red snowr a the Deel aw the Crag.

The English raised an Army streight
With mickle state, & we did wait to face them as well;
Then ~~every~~ valiant Musquet-man put fire in pan,
And we began to lase them as well;
But before the sparks were made a Cole
They did every man pay for his pole;
Then their bought land we lent them agen,
Into *Scotland* we went with our men;
We were paid by all, both Peasant and Prince,
But I think we have soundly paid for it since,
For our Silver is wasted, Sir, all,
And our Silks hang in *Westminster Hall*.

The godly Presbyterian, that holy man,
The War began with Bishop and King,
Where we like Waiters at a Feast, (ching,
But not the least of all the guest, must dish up the
We did take a Covenant to pull down
The Cross, the Crosier, and the Crown,
With the Rochet the Bishop did bear,
And the Smock that his Chaplain did wear:

But

Merry Drollerie. 91

But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,
They say, it looks like an old Almanack,
For *lockie* is grown out of date,
And *Jenny* is thrown out of late.

I must confess the holy firk did only work
Upon our Kirk for silver and mear,
Which made us come with aw our broods, (cheat;
Venter our bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer and
But we see what coverousness doth bring,
For we lost our selves when we sold our King;
And alack now and welly we cry,
Our backs mow and bellies must dye;
We fought for food, and not vain-glory,
And so there's an end of a Scottish mans Story;
I curse all your Silver and Gold,
Aw the worst tale that ever was told.

The zealous Puritan.

MY Brethren all attend,
And list to my relation:
This is the day, mark what I say,
Tends to your renovation;
Stay not among the Wicked,
Lest that with them you perish,
But let us to *New-England* go,
And the Pagan People cherish;
Then for the truths sake come along, come along,
Leave this place of Superstition:
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,
You would sink into Perdition.

There

92 Merry Drollerie!

There you may reach our hymns
 Witbout the Laws controulment :
 We need not fear the Bishops there,
 Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment ;
 Nay, the Surplice shall not fright us,
 Nor superstitious blindnes ;
 Nor scandals rise when we disguise,
 And our Sisters kifs in kindness ;
 Then for the truths sake, &c.

For Company I fear nor,
 There goes my Cofin *Hannah* ;
 And *Ruben*, so perswades to go
 My Cofin *Joyce*, *Susanna*,
 With *Abigal* and *Faith*,
 And *Ruth*, no doubt, comes after ;
 And *Sarah* kind, will not stay behind,
 My Cofin *Constance* Daughter ;
 Then for the truth, &c.

Now *Tom Tyler* is prepared,
 And the Smith as black as a coal ;
Ralph Cofler too with us will go,
 For he regards his soul ;
 And the Weaver, honest *Simon*,
 With *Prudence*, *Jacobs* Daughter,
 And *Sarah*, she, and *Barbary*
 Professeth to come after ;
 Then for the truth, &c,

When we, that are elected,
 Arrive in that fair Country,
 Even by our faith, as the Brethren saith,
 We will not fear our entry ;

The

Merry Drollerie. 93

The Psalms shall be our Musick,
And our time spent in expounding,
Which in our zeal we will reveal
To the brethrens joy abounding ;
Then for the truths sake, &c.

A merry Song.

Come let us drink, the time invites,
Winter and cold weather,
For to pass away long nights,
And to keep good wits together ;
Better far than Cards or dice,
Or *Isaacs* ball, that quaint device,
Made up of fan and feather.

Of great actions on the Seas
We will ne'er be jealous ;
Give us liquor that will please,
And 'twill make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet
When the Turks and they do meet
Within the Dardanellows.

Mahomet was no Divine,
But a senseless Widgeon,
To forbid the use of wine
Unto those of his Religion :
Falling sickness was his shame,
And his throne will have the same
For all his whispering Pigeon.

94 Merry Drollerie.

Sack is the Princes only guard,
If he dare but try it:
No designs were ever heard
Where the Subjects use to ply it;
And three Constables, at most,
Are enough to quell an host
That so disturbs our quiet.

Vallenchny, that famous Town,
Stands the French mans vvonder,
Water it enclos'd to drown,
And to cut the Troops vvunder;
Turain cast a helpless look,
Whilst the crafty Spaniard took
La Ferte and his plunder.

Therefore vvater vve disdain,
Mankinds adversary,
Once it made the Worlds whole frame
In the Deluge to miscarry:
Nay, the enemy of joy,
Seeks vvith envy to destroy,
And murder good Canary.

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells
The fifth day of *November*,
The Preacher a sad story tells,
And vvith horrovour doth remember,
How some dry-brain'd Traitor vvrought
Plots that might have ruine brought
One King and every Member.

We that drink have no such thoughts,
Black and void of reason,

We

Merry Drollerie. 95

We take care to fill our vaults
With good Wine for every season:
And with many a chearful cup
We blow one another up,
And that's our only treason.

The Tyrannical Wife.

I was a man, and a jolly old man,
Come love me ~~v~~whereas I lay,
And he would marry a fair young wife
The clean contrary vway.

He vvoo'd her for to vvied, to wed,
Come love me vvhereas I lay,
And even she kickt him out of the bed
The clean contrary vway.

Then for her dinner she looked due,
Come love me vvhereas I lay,
Or she would make her husband rue
The clean contrary vway.

She made him vvash both dish and spoon,
Come love me vvhereas I lay,
He had better ~~a~~ gone on his head to Rome
The clean contrary vway.

She proved a gallant hufwife soon,
Come love me vvhereas I lay,
She vvvas every morning up by noon
The clean contrary vway.

She

96 Merry Drollerie.

She made him go to wash and wring,
Come love me whereas I lay,
And every day to dance and sing
The clean contrary way.

She made him do a worse thing than this,
Come love me whereas I lay,
To father a child was none of his,
The clean contrary way.

Hard by a bush, and under a brier,
Come love me whereas I lay,
I saw a holy Nun lye under a Frier
The clean contrary way.

To end my Song I think it long,
Come love me whereas I lay,
Come give me some drink and I'll be gone
The clean contrary way.

On the Preface to Gondibert.

Room for the best of Poets heroick,
If you'll beleve two Wits and a Stoick;
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Escidos*,
All must give place to the *Gondiberteiados*.
For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just Pique,
Because one writ in Latin, the other in Greek:
Besides an old grudge (our Criticks they say so)
With *Ovid*, because his Sirname was *Naso*.
If Fiction the fame of a Poet thus raises,
What Poets are you that have writ his praises.

Merry Drollerie. 97

But we justly quarrel at this our defeat,
You give us a stomach, he gives us no meat.
A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no house :
Here is the Mountain, but where is the Monse ?
But, oh, *America* must breed up the Brat,
From whence 'twill return a *West-Indy* Rat.
For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us,
With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundingus*.

The Wedding.

I'LL tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things beyond compare !
Such sights as these can not be found
In any part of English ground,
Be it at Wake or Faire.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, did sell our hay,
There is a house with staires
Where I did see the coming down
Such folk as are not in the Town,
Forty at least in paires.

One of them was pestilent fine,
His beard no bigger though than mine,
Walk'd on before the rest :
Our Landlord look'd like nothing to him,
The King, God bless him, 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

H

Ac

98 *Merry Drollerie.*

At Courfe-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have there been taken out
By all the Maids of the Town ;
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what, the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
The Parson for him staid ;
But by your leave, for all your haste,
He did not wish so much all past,
Perchance, as did the Maid.

The Maid, and thereby lies a tale,
For such a Maid no Whitson-Ale
Could ever yet produce ;
No Grape, that's kindly ripe, can be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juyce.

Her fingers were so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a neck ;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It lookt like a great Collar just
About our young colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light ;
But O she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Merry Drollerie. 99

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice
She would not do't in fight ;
And then she lookt, as who would say,
I will do what I list to day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so fair a white was on,
As none darst make comparison,
Whosee: them is undon ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catharine Pear
That side that's next the Sun.

Her mouth so small, when she doth speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words do break
That they might passage get :
But O she handles so the matter,
They come as good as ours, or better,
And are not spoyl'd one whit.

Her lips so red, and one so thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some Bee had stung it newly ;
But *Dick*, her eyes so grac'd her face
I durst no more upon her gaze
Than on the Sun in *July*.

If wishing had been any sin
The Parsons self had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely ;
And did the Youth so oft the fear
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoyl'd him surely.

100 *Merry Drollerie.*

Passion, oh me how I run on,
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, beside the Bride :
The business of the Kitchin great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each Serving-man with dish in hand
March't boldly up like our Train-band,
Presented, and away.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carrouse,
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The Brides came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it *Dick* !

O'th' sudden, up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh and glance,
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several waies the time did pass,
While every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stollen aside
To counsel and undress the Bride,
But that he must not know ;
But it was thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an houre or so.

When

Merry Drollerie. 101

When in he came, *Dick*, there she lay,
Like new-faln snow, melting away,

'Twas time, I trow, to part ;
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
God b'wy with all my heart.

But just as heavens would have, to cross it,
In came the Bridmaids with the posset,
The Bridegroome eat in spight :
For had he left the women to't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do,
What that is, who can tell ?
But I beleeve it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nel*.

A Song.

How happy is the prisoner who conquers his fate
With silence, & ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But carelesly plaies with his keyes on the grate,
And makes a sweet consort with them & his chains;
He drowns care with Sack, when his heart is oppress'd,
And makes his heart float like a Cork in his brest.

102 Merry Drollerie.

Chor. Then since we are all slaves who Islanders be,
And our land is a large prison enclos'd with the sea,
We'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For man is the worlds Epitomie.

Let Tyrants wear Purple, deep dy'd in the blood
Of those they have slain, their Scepter to sway;
If our consciences be clear, and our titles be good
To the rags that hang on us, we are richer than they;
We drink up at night what we can beg or can borrow,
And sleep without plotting for more the next morrow

Come Drawer, fill each man a pint of Canary,
This brimmer shall bid all our senses good night:
When old *Aristotle* was frolick and merry,
VVith the juyce of the Grape he turn'd *Stagarite*;
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brains that the world went round

'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to shine,
And gives us a beauty beyond complexions masque;
Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,
That when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask:
He liv'd by the sent in that close waincoat room,
And dying, requested the tub for his Tombe.

Though the Usurer warch o'er his bags and his house,
To keep that from robbers he rackt from his delusion,
Each midnight cries thieves at the noise of a moule;
Then looks if his bags are fast bound in their fetters;
VVhen once he's grown rich enough for a State-plor,
In one hour Buff plunders what threescore years got.

Let

Merry Drollerie. 103

Let him never so privately muster his gold,
His angels will their intelligence be
How close they are prest in their Canvas hold,
And long that State souldiers should set them all free;
Let him pine and be hang'd, we will merrily sing,
Who hath nothing to lose, may cry, God bleis the
(King.

Chor. Then since we are all slaves who Islanders be,
And our Land a large prison enclos'd with the sea;
We'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For man is the worlds Epitomie.

The Devil transformed.

I Met with the devil in the shape of a Ram,
I then over and over the sowngelders ran;
I rose, and I haltred him fast by the horns,
I stabb'd him softly, as you would pick out corns:
Nay, quoth the devil, with that out he slunk,
And left us the Carkass of a Mutton that stunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth some mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf;
I bound him, and I gelt him ere he did any evill,
For he was at his best but a young sucking devil;
Merw yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in the shape of a Pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big,
I caught him by the the leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man told forty twice I made him a hog;

104 *Merry Drollerie.*

Oh, quoth the devil, and gave such a yerke,
That a Jew was converted and did eat of the Porke.

In womans attire I met him most fine,
At first sight I thought him some Angel divine :
Bur viewing his crab-face I fell to my trade,
I made him forswear ever acting a maide ;
Meaw, quoth the devil, and so ran away,
And bid him in a Fryers old weed, as they say.

I walked along, and it was my good chance
To meet with a Grey-coat that was in a trance,
I grip'd him then speedily, and I whipt off his Cods,
Twixt his head and his breech I left little odds ;
O, quoth the devil, the hurt thou hast done
Thou shalt wilt be curst for by many a man.

Miseries of humane Life.

THE World's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span ;
In his conception wretched from his wombe,
So to his tombe ;
Curst from the Cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears ;
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
Limns but in water, or but writes in dust.

Now since with sorrow man lives here oppress,
What life is best ?

Merry Drollerie. 105

Courts are but only superficial Schools ;
To dandle fools ;

The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men ;

And where's a City from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three.

Domestick cares afflicts the husbands bed,
Or pains his head ;

Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse ;

Some would have children, those that have them moan,
Or wish them gone ;

What is it then to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldome, or a double strife ?

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease ;

To cross the seas to any forraign soyl
Is dangerous toyl ;

Wars with their noise affright us, when they cease
We are worse in peace ;

What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born to dye.

A Cambridge Droll.

THE Proctors are two and no more,
Then hang them that makes them three :

The Taverns they are but foure,
I wish they were more for me,

Chor. For three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
And three merry boys are we.

We'll

106 Merry Drollerie.

We'll make, if our numbers mix,
The Muses triple trine,
For two and four make six,
As all men do devine;
For two three and four makes nine.

The Myter no more shall sink,
Though *P* himself were there,
For that were Popery to think
That Puritans dare come there,
For catholick Sack is there.

The Dolphins were numbred never,
As all men plainly see,
For I am sure for ever
The Dolphin shall swim free;
And that's enough for me.

The three tuns are forgot,
Which few do go to see;
But there's a tun behind
For him, for thee, and for me,
To make us frolick and free.

But if the Doctors droop
In whom our number dies,
As the Arches put us in hope
They are not like to rise,
And wine shall make us wise.

The wise men they were seven,
I wish they were more for me,
The Muses they were nine,
The Worthies three times three,
And three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we.

Resolved

Resolved not to part.

Man. **M**Y Mistris, whom in heart I loved long
Her unkind words, alas, hath done me
Loe where she comes, I mean her love to try: (wrong;
Oh stay a while and hear her kind reply.

My faithful friend, whom I esteem'd so dear,
Rejected is, and gone I know not where;
Forlorn I live, away all joyes are fled,
I lost my Love, alas, my heart is dead.

I will go sail into some Forraign Land,
To *France* or *Flanders* I'll go out of hand;
When I come there, to strangers I'll complain,
And say, my Love hath me unkindly slain.

Wo. If into *France* or *Flanders* you do go,
I'll not stay here, but follow thee also;
If false report abroad there thou dost tell,
I'll check thee for't, and say, thou didst not well.

Ma. Else to the Wilderness full fast I'll high,
Among wild beasts there I mean to dye,
Where Wolves, and Bears, and other Creatures,
The Elephant and Unicorn with their odd features.

Wo. O stay at home, sweet heart, and go not there,
For those wild beasts will thee in pieces tear;
If that I should behold them suck thy blood,
Thou shouldst have mine, sweet heart, to do thee good
Ma. I

108 *Merry Drollerie.*

Ma. I would I were all in the raging seas,
Or in some Bark to go even where it please,
Where comfort none, alas, is to be found,
And every hour in danger to be drown'd.

Ma. I would I were all in the lofty skies,
So far from ground as any Eagle flies,
For to fall down to ease me of my pain,
That I might die, but die to live again.

Wo. If in the lofty sky thou shouldst remain,
I'd soar so high thy love for to obtain:
And like the Eagle keep thee from all harms,
That thou shouldst fall in no place but mine arms.

Ma. Thus many wishes have I wish't in vain,
But none of these can ease me of my pain;
This martial poyard that shall end all grief,
Shall ease my heart that findeth no relief.

Wo. O stay at home, good heart, let it not die,
Thy life I love, thy death I do despise:
Come live in love, and so thou'lt banish pain,
Take a good heart, and I will love again.

Ma. Go lusty Lads, go you the Musick fetch,
Your nimble legs and joynts you shall out-stretch:
While others dance and caper in the streets,
We'll dance at home the shaking of the sheets.

The

The Power of Money.

TIS not the silver nor gold for it self
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its power:
For no man does doat upon self because self,
But all Court the Lady in hope of her dower:
The wonders that now in our daies we behold,
Done by the irresistible power of gold,
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold.

(Crowns;
This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and
Wins battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Cities, and Towns,
And our prime Laws are writ, in letters of Gold;
'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdoms to States,
And peopledomes these into highdomes translates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,
To make themselves rich, by making us poor;
This made our bold Army, so daring and strong,
And made them turn them, like Geese out of door;
'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to make it,
And this made our Priests for to make us to take it,
And this made both Makers and Takers forsake it.

(tees and 'Strators,

'Twas this spawn'd the dunghil Crew of Commit-
Who live by picking the crockadile Parliaments gums
This first made, & then prospered rebels and traitors,
And made gentry of those that were the nations scums
This

1101 Merry Drollerie.

This herald gives arms not for merit, but store,
And gives coars to those that did sell coats before,
If their pockets be but lin'd well with argent and ore

This, plots can devise, and discover what they are;
This, makes the great Fellons the lesser condemn;
This, sets those one the Bench, that should stand at
(the Bar,

Who judge such, as by right ought to execute them;
Gives the boysterous Clown his unsufferable pride,
Makes Beggars, and Fools, and Usurpers to ride,
Whiles ruin'd Propriators run by their side.

Stamp either the Arms of the State or the King,
St. George or the Breeches, C.R. or O.P.
The Cross or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing;
This, still is the Queen whosoe'er the King be;
This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine and Truth,
With zeale and the Spirit the factious' endueth,
To club with Saint Catharine, or sweet sister Ruth.

'Tis money makes Lawyers give judgement, or plead
On this side, or that side, on both sides, or neither;
This makes young men Clerks that can scarce write
(or read,

And spawns arbitrary orders as various as the weather;
This makes your blew Lecturers pray, preach, & prate
Without reason or sence against Church, King, or state,
To shew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate.

'Tis money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and Esquires
Without breeding, descent, wit, learning, or merit;
This makes ropers, and ale-drappers, Sheriffs of shires,
Whose trade is not so low, nor so base as their spirit;
This

Merry Drollerie. III

This Justices makes, and wise ones we know,
Furr'd Aldermen too, and Maiors also ;

This makes the old Wife trot, and makes the mare to
(go.

This makes your blew aprons right worshipful ;
And for this we stand bare, and before them do fall ;
They leave their young heirs well fleec'd with wooll,
Whom we must call Squires, and then they pay all ;
Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies be
(gawdy,

Court the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-name her a
(Lady,

And for want of good wit they do swear and talk
(bawdy,

This marriages makes, 'tis the Center of love,
It draws on the man, and it prickes up the woman,
Birth, virtue, and parts no affection can move,
Whilst this makes a Lord stoop to the Bear of a
(Broom-man ;

This gives virtue and beauty to the Lasses that you
Makes women of all sorts and ages to do ; (wooe,
'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too.

This procures us whores, bawks, bounds, and hares ;
'Tis this keeps your groom, and your groom keeps
(your geldings ;

This built Citizens wives, as well as their wares :
And this makes your coy Lady so coming & yielding ;
This buys us good Sack, which revives like the spring ;
'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring ;
And this makes you as merry as we that do sing.

On Gondibert.

1.

After so many sad mishaps,
Of drinking, riting, and of claps,
I pittie most thy last relaps.

2.

That having past the Souldiers pains,
The States-mens Arts, the Sea-mens gains.
With *Gondibert* to break thy brains.

3.

And so incessantly to ply it,
To sacrifice thy sleep, thy dier,
Thy business ; and what's more, our quier.

4.

And all this stir to make a story,
Not much superiour to *John Dory*,
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

5.

All in the land of *Lombardie*,
A Wight there was of Knights degree,
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

6.

This *Gondibert* (as saies our Author)
Got the good will of the Kings daughter,
A shame, it seems, the devil ought her.

7.

So thus succeeded his Disaster,
Being sure of the Daughter of his Master,
He chang'd his Princes for a Playster.

Merry Drollerie. 13

8.

Of person he was not ungracious,
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;
But in his Ale most perrivacious.

9.

And this was cause of his sad Fate,
For in a Drunken-street Debate
One night he got a broken Pate.

10.

Then being cur'd, he would not tarry,
But needs this simpling girl would marry
Of *Astragon* the Apothecary.

11.

To make the thing yet more Romancie,
Both wise and rich you may him fancie;
Yet he in both came short of *Plancy*.

12.

And for the Damsel, he did wooe so,
To say the truth, she was but so-so,
Not much unlike her of *Toboso*.

13.

Her beaurty, though 'twas not exceeding,
Yet what in Face and shape was needing,
Shee made it up in Parts and Breeding.

14.

Though all the Science she was rich in,
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:
Yet she had knowledge more bewitching.

15.

For she had learn'd her Fathers skill,
Both of the Alimbick and the Still,
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

I

But

114 Merry Drollerie.

16.

But her chief Talent was a Glister,
And such a hand to administer,
As on the Breech hath made no blister,

17.

So well she handled *Gondibert*,
That though she did not hurt that part,
She made a blister on his heart.

18.

Into the Garden of her Father :
Garden, said I ; or Back-side rather,
One night she went a Rose to gather.

19.

The Knight he was not far behind,
Full soon he had her in the wind ;
(For Love can smell, though he be blind.)

20.

Her business she had finish'd scarcely,
When on a gentle bed of Parsly *Desune*
Full fair and soft he made her Arse-ly. *Cetera.*

Canary Crowned.

Come let's purge our brains from hops and grains
That do smell of Anarchy ;
Let's chuse a King from whose veins may spring
A sparkling Progeny ;
It ill befits true wine-bred wits,
Whose flames are bright and clear,
To bind their hands in dray-mens bands,
When they might be clear ;
Why should we droop, or basely sloop
To popular Ale or Beer?

Who

Merry Drollerie. 115

Who shall be King is now the thing
For which we all are met:
Clarret is a Prince that hath been long since
In the royal number set:
His face is spread with warlike red,
And so he loves to see men;
If he bears sway, his Subjects they
Shall be as good as freemen;
Yet here's the plot, almost forgot,
He is too much burnt by women.

By the river Rhine is a valiant wine
That can all our veins replenish,
Let us then consent to the government
Of the royal rule of Rhennish;
This German wine will warm the Chine,
And frisk in every vein;
'Twill make the bride forget to chide,
And call him to't again:
Yet that's not all, he is much too small
To be our Sovereign.

Why then let's think of another drink,
And with votes advance it high:
Let's all proclaim good Canaries name,
Heavens bless his Majesty;
He's a King in every thing,
Whose nature doth renounce all ill:
He can make us skip, and nimbly trip
From the sealing to the groundfill,
Especially, when Poers be
Lords of the Privy Councill.

116 *Merry Drollerie.*

But a Vintner he shall his Taster be,
 There's no man shall him let;
 And a Drawer, that hath a good pallat
 Shall be made Squire of the Gimlet;
 The Bar-boys shall be Pages all,
 A Tavern well prepar'd,
 In joviall sort shall be the Court,
 Where nothing shall be spar'd;
 Wine-Porters shall with shoulders tall
 Be Yeomen of the Guard.

If a Cooper we with a red-nose see
 In any part of the Town,
 That Cooper shall, with Adds royal,
 Be Keeper of the Crown;
 Young Wits that wash away their Cash
 In Wine and Recreation,
 Who hate dull Beer are welcome here
 To give their approbation:
 So are all you that will allow
 Canaries Coronation.

Contentment.

WHat though the ill times do run crosse to our
 And Fortune still frown upon us, (will,
 Our hearts are our own, and shall be so still,
 A fig for the plagues they lay on us;
 Let us take t'other Cup to chear our hearts up,
 And let it be purest Canary;
 We'll ne'er shrink nor care at the Crosses we bear,
 Let them plague us untill they be weary.

What

Merry Drollerie. 117

What though we are made both beggars and slaves,
Let's endure it, and stoutly drink on't,
'Tis our comfort we suffer 'cause we won't be knaves,
Redemption will come ere we think on't;
We must flatter and fear those that over us are,
And make them believe that we love them,
When their tyranny is past, we can serve them at last
As they have served those have been above them.

Let the Levites go preach for the Goose or the Pig,
To drink Wine at Christmas or Easter:
The Doctor may labour our lives to new trig,
And make Nature fast while we feast her;
The Lawyer may bawl out his Lungs and his Gall
For Plaintiff, and for the Defendant,
At his Book the Scholar lie, while with *Plato* he die
With an ugly hard word at the end on't.

Then here's to the man that delights in *sol fa*,
For Sack is his only Rozin,
A load of hey ho is not worth a ha ha,
He's a man for my money that draws in;
Then a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,
'Tis better be blithe and frolick,
Than sigh out our breath, and invite our own death
By the Gout, or the Stone, or the Collick.

The Power of the Sword.

LAY by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding,
 e Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your
 Small power the Word has, & can afford us (reading;
 Not half so many Priviledges as the Sword has:
 It fosters your Masters, it plasters Disasters,
 And makes your Servants, quickly greater than their
 It venters, it enters, it circles, it centers, (Masters;
 And makes a Prentice free in spite of his Indentures

This takes off tall things, and sets up small things,
 This masters Money, though Money masters all
 'Tis not in season to talk of Reason, (things;
 Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it Treason;
 It conquers the Crown too, the Furs & the Gown too,
 This set up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him down too;
 This subtil Deceiver turn'd Bonner to Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up starts a Weaver.

This fits a Lay-man to preach and to pray man,
 'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a dray-man;
 Forth from the dull pit of Follies full pit
 This brought an Hebrew Ironmonger to the Pulpit;
 Such pittiful things be more happier than Kings be,
 This got the Herauldry of Thimblebee & Slingshee;
 No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it,
 In Church or State until the Sword hath sanctifi'd it.

Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix (tricks;
 Sprung holy *Hensons* power, & tumbled down St Pa-
 The

Merry Drollerie. 119

The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,
Shrinkin' up Powel cries, and swears Cuts-plutter-nails
In *Scotland* this Waster did make such disaster, (too ;
They sent their money back for which they sold their
(Master ;

It batter'd so their *Dunkirke*, and did so the *Don* firke
That he is fled, and swears, the devill is in *Dunkirke*.

He that can tower o'er him that is lower
Would be but thought a fool to put away his power ;
Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,
When as the Sword replies, *Negatur argumentum* ?
Your grand Colledge Butlers must stoop to your
There's not a Library living like the Cutler's ; (Sutlers,
The blood that is spilt, Sir, hath gain'd all the guilt, Sir,
Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the hilts
(Sir.

A Medley of Nations.

The Scots.

I Am a bonny *Scot*, Sir, my name is *Mickle John*,
Twas I was in the Plot, Sir, when first the War
(began :
I left the Court one thousand six hundred forty one,
But since the flight at *Waster*-fight we are all undone ;
I serv'd my Lord & Master, when as he lig'd at home,
Our Cause did shrink, Gods bread, I think
The Deel's got in his room :
He no man fears, but stamps and stares
Through all Christendom.

1768
Pembroke Coll

120 *Merry Drollerie.*

I have travell'd mickle ground
 Since I came from *Worcester* Pound,
 I have gang'd a gallant round
 Through all our neighbouring Nations,
 And what their opinions are
 Unto you I shall declare,
 Of the Scotch and English War,
 And their Approbations ;
 We were beaten Tag and Rag,
 Foot and Leg, Wem and Crag ;
 Hark, I hear the Dutchmen brag,
 And begin to bluster.

The Dutch.

Gods Sacrament, shall *Hogen mogen* States
 Strike down their Topsailes unto puny powers;
 Ten hundred tun of devils damn the fates
 If all their ships and goods do not prove ours ;
 Since that bloody wounds delight them,
 Tantara rara let the Trumper sound,
 Let *Vantrump* go out and fight them,
 Eldest States should first be crown'd ;
 English *Schellums* fight not on Gods side,
 But alas, they have given our Flemish Boats such a
 That we shall be forced to retreat ; (broad-side,
 See the French-man cometh in complear,

Merry Drollerie. 121

The French.

Begar *Monsieur* 'Tis much in vain
For *Dutchland, France, or Spain*
To cross the *English Nation* ;
They are now grown so strong,
The devill ere it be long
Must learn the *English Tongue* ;
'Tis better that we should combine,
And sell them Wine,
And learn of them to make a Lady fine ;
We'll learn of them to trip and mince,
To kick and wince.
For by the Sword we never shall convince,
Since every Brewer there can beat a Prince,

The Spaniard.

VHat are the English so quarrelsome grown,
That they cannot of late let their Neigh-
And shall a great and a Catholick King (bours alone;
Let his Scepter be controul'd by a Sword or a Sling ?
Or, shall *Austria* endure
Such affronts for to be ?
No, we'll tumble down their power,
As you shall *Senior see*.

The

122 Merry Drollerie.

The Welch.

T Affie was once a Cod-a-mighty of *Wales*,
But her Cousin O.P. was a Creature,
Come into her Country, Coals-splutter-anails,
Her take her Welch-hook and her beat her;
Her eat up her Sheefe, her Turkey and Geese,
Her Pig and her Capon did die for't,
Ap Robert, ap Evan, ap Morgan, ap Stephen,
But Shinkin and Povel did flie for't.

The Irish.

O Hone, O hone, poor *Irish Shen*
Must howl and cry:
Saint Patrick help thy Country-man,
Or faith and troth we dye;
The English still do us pursue,
And we are forc'd to flee:
Saint Patrick help, we have no Saint but thee,
Let's cry no longer, O bone, a Cram a Cret.

The English.

A Crown, a Crown, make room.
The English man doth come,
Whose Valour is taller than all *Christendom*;
The *Spanish*, *French*, and *Dutch*, *Scots*, *Welch* and *Irish*
(grutch,
We fear not, we care not, for we can deal with such;
When

Merry Drollerie. 123

When you did begin in a Civil War to waste,
Ye thought that our Tillage your Pillage should be
(at last;
And when that we could not agree, you did think to
(share our fall,
But ye do find it worse, ne'er stir, for we shall noose
(ye all.

A quarrel betwixt Tower-Hill and Tyburne.

I'LL tell you a Story that never was told,
A tale that hath both head and heel,
And though by no Recorder inroll'd,
I know you will find it as true as steel.

When General *Monck* was come to the Town,
A little time after the Rump had the rout,
When Royalty rose, and Rebellion fell down,
They say, that Tower-hill and Tyburn fell out.

Quoth terrible Tyburn to lofty Tower-hill,
Thy longed-for daies are come at last,
And now thou wilt dayly thy belly fulfill
With King-killers bloud whilst I must fast.

The High Court of Justice will come to the Bar,
There to be cooked and dressed for thee,
Whilst I, that live out of Town so far,
Must only be fed by Fellony.

If

124 *Merry Drollerie.*

If Treason be counted the foulest fact,
And dying be a Traytors due,
Then why should you all the glory exact?
You know, they are fitter for me than you.

To speak the plain truth, I have groan'd for them long,
For when they had routed the Royal Roor,
And done the Kingdom so much wrong,
I knew at the last they would come to't.

When *Tychburne* sate upon the Bench,
Twirling his Chain in high degree,
With a beardless Chin, like a withered Wench,
Thought I, the Bar is fitter for thee.

But then, with stately compos'd face,
Tower-hill to Tyburne made reply,
Do not complain, in such a case
Thou shalt have thy share as well as I.

There are a sort of Mongrils, which
My Lordly Scaffold will disgrace:
I know *Hugh Peters* his fingers itch
To make a Pulpit of the place.

But take him Tyburne, he is thine own,
Divide his quarters with thy knife,
Who did pollute with flesh and bone
The quarters of the Butchers wife.

The next among these Petticoat-Peers
Is *Harry Martin*, take him thither,
But he hath been addle so many years,
That I fear he will hardly hang together.

There's

Merry Drollerie. 125

There's *Hacker*, zealous *Tom Harrison* too,
That boldly defends the bloody deed,
He practizeth what the Jesuites do,
To murder his King, as a part of his Creed.

There's single-eyed *Hewson* the Cobler of Fate,
Translated into Buff and Feather,
But bootless are all his seams of State
When the soul is unript from the upper-leather.

Is this prophane mechanical Brood
For me, that have been dignifi'd
With Loyal *Land* and *Straffords* blood,
And holy *Hewet*, who lately dy'd?

Do thou contrive with deadly *Dun*
To send them to the River of *Stix*,
'Tis pitty, since those Saints are gone,
That Martyrs and Murtherers blood should mix.

Then do not fear me that I will
Deprive thee of that fatal Day:
'Tis fit those that their King did kill
Should hang up in the Kings high-way.

My Priviledge, though I know it is large,
Into thy hand I freely give it,
For there is *Cook*, that read the Kings Charge,
Is only fit for the devils tribute.

Then taunting Tyburn, in great scorn,
Did make Tower-hill this rude reply:
So much ranke blood my stomach will turn,
And thou shalt be sick as well as I.

These

126 *Merry Drollerie.*

These Traytors made those Martyrs bleed
Upon the Block, that thou dost bear,
And there it is fit they should dye for the deed;
But Tower-hill cryed, they shall not come there.

With that grim Tyburn began to fret,
And Tower-hill did look very grim:
And sure as a club they both would have met,
But that the City did step between.

The New Exchange.

I'LL go no more to the Old Exchange,
There's no good Ware at all,
But I will go to the New Exchange,
Called *Haberdashers Hall*:
For there are choice of Knacks and Toyes
The fancy for to please,
For men and maids, for girls and boyes,
And a Trap for Lice and Fleas;
There you may buy a Holland Smock
That's made without a gore,
You need not stoop to take it up,
For it is button'd down before.

The finest Fashions that are us'd,
And Powders that excell,
And all the best and sweet Perfumes
To rarifie the smell;
The curious rich Vermilion Paint
That maids of beauty hold,

And

Merry Drollerie. 127

And Alabaster driven Snow
Is there to be bought and sold;
And there &c.

The broad-brim'd Beaver which is made
Most curious, soft, and fine,
Will be a shadow in the face
When as the Sun doth shine;
Fine Feathers and Ribbons you may have
For to wear about the Crown;
Black Patches for the face also,
O, the best in all the Town;
And there, &c.

There is curious powder'd Periwigs,
And new-cut fashion'd Gloves,
With Bodkins, Thimbles, and gold Rings,
As men do give unto their Loves;
There's curious Books of Complements,
And other Fashions strange,
That never a place in all the Land
Is like the New Exchange,
For there, &c.

Great Flanders-Laces, large and white,
Are common to be sold,
And Silver Laces, very broad,
And some that's made of Gold;
Both Knives and Sizers, sharp and keen,
And Kerchiefs very fair,
Within the Change are dayly sold,
For pretty maids to wear;
There you, &c.

128 *Merry Drollerie.*

Fine Silken Masks, and new French hoods,
 To shrowd the foulest face,
 And every thing that costly is,
 Is present in this place ;
 There's Spanish Needles, Points, and Pins,
 And curious balls of Snow,
 That doth perfume the stinking breath,
 And makes them wholesome too ;
 And there, &c.

There's precious Oyles to cleanse the teeth,
 And Purges for the Brain,
 And Antidotes to make the Nose
 Both safe and sound again ;
 All precious Flowers may be had,
 And rich Perfumed Spice
 To make your houses all
 To smell like Paradise ;
 And there, &c.

For one that hath a fluent tongue
 You may have med'cines good ;
 And there is searching Physick too,
 To purge corrupted blood ;
 You there may purifie the skin,
 And cure the tickling itch,
 For he is the best esteem'd of all
 That is both free and rich ;
 And there, &c.

Besides these fashions strange, and true,
 There's other things most rare,
 Which are the witty, pretty, maids
 All bound as Servants there :

Whole

Merry Drollerie. 129

Whose heavenly look invites the eyes
Of gallant Gentlemen,
To buy some curious Knack or Toy,
And then they'll come agen;
And there, &c.

The bravest Lords and Ladies all
Do thither much resort,
And buy the fashions that are us'd,
And daily worn at Court;
For private profit, divers times,
Some upstart Gentlemen walk;
And take new fashions up on trust;
And nothing pay but Chalk;
And there, &c.

Let me invite those that intend
To follow fashions strange,
With speed to go to *London's* pride,
Now called the Exchange:
Where choice and store of things most rare
For money may be had,
Besides a gallant bonny Lads
To serve a lively Lad;
There you may have a Holland Smock
That's made without a gore,
You need not stoop to take it up,
For 'tis burtoned down before.

K

A

A Medley.

Let's call, and drink the Sellar dry,
 Here's nothing sober underneath the sky,
 The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lye:
 Since all the World grows mad, why may not I?

My Fathers dead, and I am free,
 He left no Children in the World, but me,
 The devill drank him down with Usury,
 And I'll repine in Liberality.

When first the English War began
 He was, Sir Reverence, a Parliament man,
 And gain'd his wealth by Sequestration,
 Till *Oliver* begun
 To come with Sword in hand, and put him to the rap.

Then Royallists, since you are undone
 So by the Father, come home to the Son,
 Whom Wine and Musick now do wait upon:
 We'll tipple up a Tun,
 And drink our Woes away, Cavaliers come on, come
 (On.

Here's a health to him that may
 Do a trick that shall advance us all,
 And beget a merry Joviall day.

Fill another boule to he
 That hath drank by stealth
 His Landlords health
 If his Spirit and his Tongue agree.

Merry Drollerie. 131

The Land shall Celebrate his Fame,
All the World imbalm his name,
No Royal Right, Good Fellow,
But will ~~Sack~~ the same;
The Bells all merrily shall ring,
All the Town shall dance and sing,
More delight than I can tell ye,
When we see this Royal Spring
We'll have Ladies by the belly,
And a snatch at t'other thing.

Wee's be bonny and jolly,
Quaff, Carrouse, and Reel:
We'll play with *Peggy* and *Molly*,
Dance, and Kifs, and Feel;
Wee's put up the Bagpipe and Organ,
And make the Welch Harp to play, (day;
Till *Mauris* ap *Shinkin* ap *Morgan* frisk on *St. Taffies*
Hold out *Ginny*, Piper come play us a Spring,
All you that have Musick may tipple, dance, and sing

Let the French *Monsieur* come and swear,
Intreut *Monsieur*,

Dis is de ting ve long to hear so many year;
Dancing vill be look'd upon
Now de man of Iron is gone;
Begar his dancing days be done
When de *Flower-de-luce* grows
With de English Crown and Rose;
Du's very good, as we suppose,
De French can live without a Nose.

A Cup of old Stingo.

THere's a lusty liquor which
 Good fellows use to take,
 It is distill'd with Nard most rich,
 And water of the Lake;
 Of Hop a little quantiry,
 And Barm to it they bring too,
 Being barrell'd up, they call it a cup
 Of dainty good old Stingo.

'Twill make a man indentures make,
 'Twill make a fool seem wise,
 'Twill make a Puritan sociate,
 And leave to be precize:
 'Twill make him dance about a Cross,
 And eke run the Ring too,
 Or any thing that seemeth gross,
 Such vertue hath old Stingo.

'Twill make a Constable oversee
 Sometimes to serve a warrant,
 'Twill make a Baylif lose his Fee,
 Though he be a Knave-Arrant;
 'Twill make a Sumner, though that he
 Unto the bawd men brings too,
 Sometimes forget to rake his Fee,
 If his head be sin'd with Stingo.

'Twill

Merry Drollerie. 133

'Twill make a Parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous holy,
But for to kiss a pretty Wench,
And think it is no folly ;

'Twill make him learn for to decline
The Verb that's called *Mingo*,
'Twill make his Nose like Copper shine,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a Weaver break his yarn,
That works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
He'll say, there wanteth woofe to't ;

'Twill make a Taylor break his thread,
And eke his Thimble ring too,

'Twill make him not to care for bread,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a Baker quite forget
That ever corn was cheap,

'Twill make a Butcher have a fit
Sometimes to dance and leap ;

'Twill make a Miller keep his Room,
A health for to begin too,

'Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make an Hostis free of heart,
And leave her measures pinching,

'Twill make an Host with liquor part,
And bid him hang all flinching ;

It's so belov'd, I dare protest,
Men cannot live without it,

And where they find there is the best,
The most will flock about it.

134 Merry Drollerie.

And finally, the beggar poor,
That walks till he be weary,
Craving along from door to door
With *pre commiserere* :
If he do chance to catch a touch,
Although his cloaths be thin too,
Though he be lame he'll prove his Crutch,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
Unto the Lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his Cann,
And so my Ditty endeth ;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
For he will meet me one day ;
Let's drink the Barrel to the dregs,
For the Mault-man comes a Munday.

The Tinker.

There was a Lady in this Land
That lov'd a Gentleman,
And could not have him secretly,
As she would now and then,
Till she devis'd to dress him like
A Tinker in Vocation :
And thus, disguis'd, she bid him say,
He came to clout her Cauldron.

His face full fair she smother'd black
That he might not be known,

Merry Drollerie. 135

A leather Jerkin on his back,
His breeches rent and torn ;
With speed he passed to the place,
To knock he did not spare :
Who's that, quoth the Lady then,
That raps so rashly there ?

I am a Tinker, then quoth he,
That worketh for my Fee,
If you have Vessels for to mend,
Then bring them unto me :
For I have brasse within my bag,
And targer in my Apron,
And with my skill I can well clour,
And mend a broken Cauldron.

Quoth she, our Cauldron hath most need,
At it we will begin,
For it will hold you half an hour
To trim it out and in :
But first give me a glasse of drink,
The best that we do use,
For why it is a Tinkers guise
No good drink to refuse.

Then to the Brew-house hyed they fast,
This broken piece to mend,
He said he would no company,
His Craft should not be kend,
But only to your self, he said,
That must pay me my Fee :
I am no common Tinker,
But work most curiously.

136 *Merry Drollerie.*

And I also have made a Vow,
 I'll keep it if I may,
 There shall no mankind see my work,
 That I may stop or stay :
 Then barred he the Brew-house door,
 The place was very dark,
 He cast his Budget from his back,
 And frankly fell to work.

And whilst he play'd and made her sport,
 Their craft the more to hide,
 She with his hammer stroke full hard
 Against the Cauldron side :
 Which made them all to think, and say,
 The Tinker wrought apace,
 And so be sure he did indeed,
 But in another place.

The Porter went into the house,
 Where Servants us'd to dine,
 Telling his Lady, at the Gate
 There staid a Tinker fine :
 Quoth he, much Brasse he wears about,
 And Targer in his Apron,
 Saying, that he hath perfect skill
 To mend your broken Cauldron.

Quoth she, of him we have great need,
 Go Porter, let him in,
 If he be cunning in his Craft
 He shall much money win ;
 But wisely wist she who he was,
 Though nothing she did say,
 For in that sort she pointed him
 To come that very day.

When

Merry Drollerie. 137

When he before the Lady came,
Disguised stood he there,
He blinked blithly, and did say,
God save you Mistris fair;
Thou'rt welcome, Tinker, unto me,
Thou seem'st a man of skill,
All broken Vessels for to mend,
Though they be ne'er so ill;
I am the best man of my Trade,
Quoth he, in all this Town,
For any Kettle, Pot, or Pan,
Or clouting of a Cauldron.

Quoth he, fair Lady, unto her,
My business I have ended,
Go quickly now, and tell your Lord
The Cauldron I have mended:
As for the Price, that I refer
Whatsoever he do say,
Then come again with diligence,
I would I were away.

The Lady went unto her Lord,
Where he walkt up and down,
Sir, I have with the Tinker been,
The best in all the Town:
His work he doth exceeding well,
Though he be wondrous dear,
He asks no less than half a Mark
For that he hath done here.

Quoth he, that Target is full dear,
I swear by Gods good Mother:
Quoth she, my Lord, I dare protest,
Tis worth five hundred other;

He

138 *Merry Drollerie.*

He strook it in the special place,
Where greatest need was found,
Spending his brags and target both,
To make it safe and sound.

Before all Tinkers in the Land,
That travels up and down,
Ere they should earn a Groat of mine,
This man should earn a Crown:
Or were you of his Craft so good,
And none but I it kend,
Then would it save me many a Mark,
Which I am fain to spend.

The Lady to her Coffer went,
And took a hundred Mark,
And gave the Tinker for his pains,
That did so well his work;
Tinker, said she, take here thy fee,
Sith here you'll not remain,
But I must have my Cauldron now
Once scoured o'er again.

Then to the former work they went,
No man could them deny;
The Lady said, good Tinker call
The next time thou com'st by:
For why thou dost thy work so well,
And with so good invention,
If still thou hold thy hand alike,
Take here a yearly Pension.

And ev'ry quarter of the year
Our Cauldron thou shalt view;

Nay,

Merry Drollerie. 139

Nay, by my faith, her Lord gan say,
I'd rather buy a new;
Then did the Tinker take his leave
Both of the Lord and Lady,
And said, such work as I can do,
To you I will be ready.
From all such Tinkers of the trade
God keep my Wife, I pray,
That comes to clout her Cauldron so,
I'll swinge him if I may.

A Song.

There was three birds that built very low,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her toe,
The third went merrily in and in,
And the third went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds built on a pin,
The first and second cry'd, have at her shin,
The third he went merrily in and in,
The third he went merrily in;
O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a tree,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her knee,
And

140 *Merry Drollerie.*

And the third he went merrily in and in, in,
And the third he went merrily in ;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built very high,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her thigh,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in ;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a stump,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her rump,
And the third he went merrily in and in, in,
And the third he went merrily in ;
O never went Wimble in Timber more nimble
With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
With so little knocking in.

The production of the Female Kind.

THere is a certain idle kind of Creature,
By a foolish name, we call a woman ;
A pox upon this little old whore Nature,
That e'er she brought this Monster to undo man ;
Many have wondred how it came to pass,
But mark, and I will tell you how it was :

When

Merry Drollerie. 141

When first she brought forth man, her son and heir,
The Gods came all one day to gossip with her,
Her husband, *Lemus*, proud to see them there,
Drank healths apace to bid them welcome thither,
Till drunk to bed he went, and in the fit
He got the second child, this female Chit.

The Privy Council of the Heavens and Planets,
Whose wisdom governs all Affairs on Earth,
Held many consultations in their Senates
What should become of this prodigious Birth,
At length agreed to give these strange formalities
As many strange and correspondent qualities.

Saturne gave sullenness; *Jove*, sovereignty;
Mars, sudden wrath, and unappeased hate;
Sol, a garish look, and a wanton eye;
Venus, desires and Lusts insatieties;
Mercury, craft, and deep dissembling gave her;
Luna, inconstant thoughts, still apt to waver.

The Bow Goose.

THE best of Poets write of Frogs,
Some of *Ulysses* charmed Hogs,
And some of Flies, and some of Dogs
In former Ages told:
Some of the silver Swan in Prose,
Though mine be not a Swan, what though?
It was a Goose was brought from *Baw*
To *Algare*.

As

142 *Merry Drollerie.*

As harmless, and as innocent
 She was as those that with her went;
 Nor do I think the watchmen meane;
 More fillier than she;
 She gave them never a word at all,
 But only rested on a stall,
 And yet these Cannibals did fall.
 About her.

But she with silence there stood still,
 Till she perceived each mans bill,
 Desiring them not use them ill
 That lookt so like them all:
 Then they disdainig, did begin
 To bring us all into a gin,
 And then the Constable came in,
 And took us.

To him they straight reveal'd the case,
 And vow'd each man to quit his place,
 If we were suffered to disgrace
 The Kings Lieutenant so:
 And then the Ganders eminence
 The Goose and us commanded thence,
 And made us graduates commence
 The Counter.

We thither went, but then my Goose,
 Which pinion'd was before, got loose,
 For having her within a noose
 What fear had they of her?
 Then into every room we went,
 And here and there our money spent,
 Untill the Constable had sent
 Next morning.

We

Merry Drollerie. 143

We summoned were for to appear
Before an Alderman, I swear,
That might have been that very year
Lord Maior for his wit :
He took our Gooses case in hand,
And all things with such Judgment scan'd,
That having done, we scarce could stand
For laughing.

For he did not only reprehend
Our follies, but did much commend
The Constable, his honest friend,
For his good service done ;
How is that noble City blest
With Officers above the rest,
That now may add unto their Crest
My Bow Goose ?

But now, with grief, I'll tell you what,
My Goose that was before so fat,
That might have been accepted at
A Maior or Sheriffs own boord,
Grew lanck and lean, and straight to ill,
That from her wings she shed a Quill,
Desiring me to write her Will,
Which I did.

Then thus my dying Goose began,
Unto the Reverend Alderman
I do bequeath my brain-sick pan,
And all that it contains :
And Master Constable, do you
My empty head, which is your due ;
My Bill I'll give the cursed crew
Your Watchmen.

144 Merry Drollerie.

I do bequeath my bodies trunke
 Unto Good Fellows for the rump,
 Desiring that it may be drunke
 In Clarret and Canary:
 I pray discharge your company
 All such as shall Recusants be
 To drink a health in memory
 Oth Bow-Goose.

My Giblers to the Ciry-Cook
 That dwels not far from Pasty-nook,
 That he unto my Corps may look,
 And coffin't in a Crust;
 My guts for Marshal Red-face save,
 To hang about his neck so brave,
 That on his Palfrey the proud Knave
 May swagger.

And to my fellow prisoners all,
 That now here are, or ever shall,
 That come to lye within this wall,
 I give my heavy heart;
 My claws and pinions I do give
 Unto the Serjeants and Sheriff,
 To catch and pinion them that live
 Indebted.

And furthermore, it is my will
 The Ciry Clerk shall have a quill
 Such learned speeches to write still
 As his grave Lordship utters;
 And likewise Mistris Alderman
 Shall have my tail to make a Fan;
 My legs I'll give the Gentleman
 Her Usher.

Because

Merry Drollerie. 145

Because my kindred of *Bridemel*
Such asses to the Cart compel
As occupy their trades so well,
I do forbid them all,
That they presume not for to come
Whereas my Dirges shall be sung,
For I'll have wiser in their room
Than they are.

The Beadle and the Bell-man I
Executors do make, thereby
Such Legacies to satisfie
As I have here related ;
And that all things perform'd may be,
This my last Will to oversee
I do ordain the Deputy
Of Duck-Lane.

There's one thing more, I do conceive,
Almost forgot, I do bequeath
My Tongue, which tatling cannot leave,
Unto the City Council,
That they may mediate a truce
Between the City and me their Goose,
Who woos to be their constant Muse
For ever,

Write on my Tombe this Epitaph,
Whereat, I pray, let no man laugh :
Here lies a Goose that could not quaff,
And yet was a good Fellow ;
The courtiest of our kindred must
Return with me unto the dust,
And after me who shall be first
None knoweth.

L

Now

146 *Merry Drollerie.*

Now let them in their Liveries call
 The boys from every Hospital
 To sing my solemn funeral
 With Dirges to my grave ;
 And when my Goose had uttered this,
 O then my Goose began to piss,
 And sighing, with a harmless hiss,
 Departed.

An encounter between Mars, Venus, and Cupid.

UPon a certain time when *Mars*
 And *Venus* met together,
 All in a shady Bower, where she
 Did oft admit him thither :
 But *Cupid* he did chance to see
 That *Mars* did hit the Mark so narrow,
 The boy still cry'd, and could not abide,
 Come off my Mother Sirra.

Then *Venus* thought her arable land
 Lay void, and was not tilled,
 Which caus'd her barn so empty stand
 So long as 'twas not filled ;
 Quoth she, I'll have some husbandman
 Shall take my ground to sow and harrow,
 Still cry'd the Lad as he was mad,
 Come off my mother Sirra.

Though

Merry Drollerie. 147

Though *Mars* the God of battel be,
Yet he could not it endure,
For *Venus* made his Spear to yeild,
Although the point was sure:
But when she felt the Mettel melt,
She rais'd like a lively Sparrow,
Still cry'd the Lad as he was mad,
Come off my Mother Sirrah.

Then *Mars* put up his weapon blunt,
And *Venus* trimm'd her tresses:
Oh, curst, quoth he, that oft may see
That such a wife possesses;
Then straight he sent to *Jupiter*,
And *Venus* hyed her to her marrow,
Still cry'd the Lad as he were mad,
Come off my Mother Sirrah.

Peace Boy, quoth he, and be content,
For *Venus* is a woman,
And can subdue the greatest God
That fights by art or cunning:
But if that thou wilt give me leave
To draw my golden headed Arrow,
I'll give thee a Groat; all's one for that,
Come off my Mother Sirrah.

The Maid a bathing.

UPon a Summers day,
'Bout middle of the morn,
I spy'd a Lads that lay
Stark nak'd as she was born ;
'Twas by a running Pool,
Within a meddow green,
And there she lay to cool,
Not thinking to be seen.

Then did she by degrees
Wash every part in rank,
Her Arms, her breasts, her thighs,
Her Belly, and her Flank ;
Her Legs she opened wide,
My eyes I let down steal,
Untill that I espy'd
Dame natures privy Seal.

I stript me to the skin,
And boldly stept unto her,
Thinking her love to win,
I thus began to wooe her :
Sweet heart be not so coy,
Time's sweet in pleasure spent,
She frown'd, and cry'd, away,
Yet, smiling, gave consent.

Then

Merry Drollerie. 149

Then blushing, down she slid,
Seeming to be amazed,
But heaving up her head,
Again she on me gazed ;
I seeing that, lay down,
And boldly 'gan to kiss,
And she did smile, and frown,
And so fell to our bliss.

Then lay she on the ground
As though she had been sped,
As women in a swoon,
Yield up, and yet not dead :
So did this lively maid,
When hot blood fill'd her vein,
And coming to her self she said,
I thank you for your pain.

News.

WHite Bears are lately come to Town,
That's no news ;
And Cuckolds Dogs shall pull them down,
That's no news ;
Ten Dozen of Capons sold for a Crown,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Jackanapes at a Merchants door,
That's no news ;
An Irish man in an Ale-house score,
That's no news ;

150 Merry Drollerie.

And *Gravesend* Barge without a Whore,
Hey hoe, that's news indeed.

A fizling Cur in a Ladies lap,
That's no news ;
A Feather to shake in a Fools cap,
That's no news ;
A Lyon caught in a Mouse Trap,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A younger Brother slow to thrive,
That's no news ;
A Drone to rob the poor Bees hive,
That's no news ;
A Parsons wife not apt to swive,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Taylor brisk in swaggering hose,
That's no news ;
A Frenchman stradling as he goes,
That's no news ;
A Drunkard without a copper nose,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Dutchman to be dayly drunk,
That's no news ;
A Captain to maintain a Punk,
That's no news ;
A Wardrobe in an empty Trunk,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

To see two Ships at sea to grapple,
That's no news ;

Merry Drollerie. 151

To see a horse that's all dapple,
That's no news;
To see a red nose roast an apple,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Petty-fogger brib'd with fees,
That's no news;
A Welchman cramm'd with roasted Cheese,
That's no news;
A Lad and a Lasse in bed to freeze,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Sattin suit without a Page,
That's no news;
A rayling Poet o'er a Stage,
That's no news;
A rich man honest in this Age,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Lawyer to turn hypocrite,
That's no news;
A Serjeant to arrest a Knight,
That's no news;
A Court without a Parasite,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

Before my news be overslipt,
That's no news,
I wish all Knaves from *London* Shipt,
That's no news,
And all the Whores in *Bridewel* whipt,
Hey ho, 'twere news indeed.

*A Discourse between a Sea-
man and a Land-Souldier.*

VVE Sea-men are the honest boys,
We fear no storms, nor Rocks-a,
Whose Musick is their Cannons noyse,
Whose sporting is with knocks-a.

Mars hath no Children of his own,
But we that fight by Land-a;
Land-Souldiers Kingdoms up have thrown,
Yet they unshaken stand-a.

'Tis brave to see a tall Ship sail
With all her trim geer on her,
As though the devil were in her tail
Before the wind she'll run-a.

Our main Battalia when it moves
There's no such glorious thing-a,
Whose Leaders, like so many *Joves*,
Abroad their thunders fling-a.

Come let's reckon what Ships are ours,
The Gorgon, and the Dragon,
The Lyon which in field is bold,
The Bull with bloody Flagon,

Come,

Merry Drollerie. 153

Come, let's reckon what Works are ours,
Forts, Bulworks, Barricadoes,
Mounts, Cabinets, Parrapits, Counter-mines,
Casimares, and Pallizadoes,

Field-Pieces, Musquets, groves of Pikes,
Carbines, and Canoneers,
Quadrants, Half-moons, and Ranks of Files,
And Fronts, and Vans, and Rears-a.

A health to brave Land-Souldiers all,
Let Cans a piece go round-a :
And to all Seamen, great and small,
Let lofty Musick sound-a.

A Song.

Mine own sweet honny-bird-Chuck,
Come sit thee down by me,
And thou and I will truck
For thy Commodity :
The weather is cold and chilly,
And heating will do thee no harm,
I'll put a hot think in thy belly
To keep thy body warm.

Our Landlady hath brought us
All that the house affords,
'Tis time to lay about us,
Then prethee make no words :

154 *Merry Drollerie.*

I know thou art young and tender,
Although thy C—— be rough,
Thy Fort if thou'lt to me surrender
I'll man it well enough.

I find by thy whispering Palm-sweat,
And thine eyes like noon,
Thy panting breasts, as thy pulse, bear,
Thou'lt do it to some tune:
Then give thy mind to it, my honny,
Thou shalt never have cause to rue,
That ever thou hazard'ft thy C——
To one of the jovial Crew.

A Song.

MY Mistris is in Musick passing skilful,
And plaies and sings her part at the first sight,
But in her play she is exceeding wilful,
And will not play but for her own delight,
Nor touch one string, nor play one pleasing strain,
Unless you take her in a pleasing vain.

Also she hath a sweet delicious touch
Upon the Instrument whereon she plaies,
And thinks that she doth never do too much,
Her pleasures are dispers'd so many waies;
She hath such judgement both in time and mood,
That for to play with her 'twill do you good.

And

Merry Drollerie. 155

And then you win her heart : but here's the spight,
You cannot get her for to play alone,
But play with her, and she will play all night,
And next day too, or else 'tis ten to one,
And run division with you in such sort,
Run ne'er so swift she'll make you come too short.

Still so she sent for me one day to play,
Which I did take for such exceeding grace,
But she so tir'd me ere I went away,
I wisht I had been in another place:
She knew the play much better than I did,
And still she kept me time for heart and bloud.

I love my Mistris, and I love to play,
So she will let me play with intermission :
But when she ties me to it all the day,
I hate and loath her greedy disposition ;
Let her keep time, as nature doth require,
And I will play as much as she'll desire.

In Praise of Ale.

VHen the chill Charokoe blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale,
And Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows
Do sit and curse the frost and snows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a *Saxon Runkin* then,
Such as will make grim *Malin* prate,

Bids

156 *Merry Drollerie.*

Bids Valour bargain in tall men,
Quickens the Poets Wits and Pen,
Despises Fate.

Ale, that the absent Battel fights,
And forms the March of Swedish Drums,
Disputes the Princes Laws and Rights,
What's past and done tells mortall Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the Plough-mans heart up keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones :
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
Their very bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* Daughter,
Wines emulous Neighbour, if but stale :
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,
And filling each mans heart with laughter,
Oh give me Ale.

The Rebellion.

Now, thanks to the Powers below,
We have even done our do,
The Myter is down, and so is the Crown,
And with them the Corronet too :
All is now the Peoples, and then
What is theirs is ours we know ;
There is no such thing as Bishop or K —
Or Peer, but in name or show ;

Come

Merry Drollerie. 157

Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberdehoys,
Come Females of each degree,
Stretch out your throats, bring in your Votes,
And make good the Anarchy;
Then thus it shall be, saies *Alse*,
Nay, thus it shall be, saies *Amie*,
Nay, thus it shall go, saies *Taffie*, I trow,
Nay, thus it shall go, saies *Jemmy*.

Oh but the truth, good People all, the truth is such a
For it will undo both Church and State too, (thing,
And pull out the throat of our King;
No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light
Can make the Point so clear,
But we must bring out the defil'd coat,
What thing the truth is, and where,
Speak *Abraham*, speak *Hester*,
Speak *Judith*, speak *Kester*,
Speak tag and rag, short coat and long:
Truth is the spel that made us rebell,
And murder and plunder ding dong;
Sure I have the truth, saies *Nymphs*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies *Clem*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies reverend *Ruth*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies *Nem*.

Well, let the truth be whose it will,
There is something else is ours,
Yet this devotion in our Religions
May chance to abate our Powers:
Then let's agree on some new way,
It skills not much how true,
Take *Pryn* and his club, or *Smes*. and his tub,
Or any Sect, old or new;

The

158 Merry Drollerie.

The devil is in the pack if choice you can lack,
We are fourscore Religions strong,
Then take your choice, the Major voice
Shall carry't right or wrong ;
Then let's have King *Charles*, saies *George*,
Nay, we'll have his Son, saies *Hugh* ;
Nay, then let's have none, saies gabbering *Jam*,
Nay, we'll be all Kings, saies *Prue*.

Nay, but neighbours and friends, one word more,
There's something else behind,
And wise though you be, you do not well see
In which door fits the wind ;
And for Religion, to speak truth,
And in both Houses sence,
The matter is all one if any or none,
If it were not for the pretence ;
Now here doth lurk the key of the work,
And how to dispose of the Crown
Dexteriously, and as it may be
For your behalf and our own ;
Then we'll be of this, saies *Meg*,
Nay, we'll be of this, saies *Tib*,
Come, we'll be of all, saies pittiful *Paul*,
Nay, we'll be of none, saies *Gib*.

Oh we shall have, if we go one
In Plunder, Excise, and Blood,
But few folks, and poor, to domineer o're,
And that will not be so good ;
Then let's agree on some new way,
Some new and happy course,
The Country is grown sad, the City is Horr mad,
And both the Houses are worse ;

The

Merry Drollerie. 159

The Sinod hath writ, the General hath shir,
And both to like purpose, for
Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cause
We talk on, but nothing we do;
Come, then let's have peace, saies *Nel*,
No, no, but we won't, saies *Meg*,
But I say we will, saies fiery-face *Phil*,
We will, and we won't, saies *Hodge*.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but confusion,
Since true Unity with good Monarchy
Begin and end in one?
If then when all is thought their own,
And lies at their belief,
These popular pates reap nought but debates
From these many round-headed beasts;
Come Royalists then, do you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word,
And now let's see what you will be,
And whether you can accord;
A health to King *Charles*, saies *Tom*,
Up with it, saies *Ralph*, like a man,
God bless him, saies *Doll*, and raise him, saies *Moll*,
And send him his own, saies *Nan*.

But now for these prudent Wights,
That sit without end, and to none,
And their Committees in Towns and Cities
Fill with confusion;
For the bold Troopes of Sectaries,
The Scots, and their Partakers,
Our new British States, *Col. Burgess* and his mates,
The Covenant and its makers:

For

160 Merry Drollerie.

For all these we'll pray, and in such a way,
That if it might granted be,
Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,
And all the World will agree:
Else Pox take them all, saies *Best*,
And a Plague too, saies *Mary*,
The devill, saies *Dick*, and his Dam too, saies *Nick*,
Amen and amen say we.

How to get a Child without help of a Man.

A Maiden of late, whose name was sweet *Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Aldersgate*:
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child without help of a man.

To a Doctor she came, a man of great fame,
Whose deep skill in Physick Report did proclaime,
I pray, Master Doctor, shew me, if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a man.

Then listen, quoth he, since so it must be,
This wondrous strong medicine I'll shew presently,
Take nine pound of Thunder, six legs of a Swan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The wooll of a Frog, the juyce of a Log,
Well parboyl'd together in the skin of a hog,
With the Egge of a Mooncalf, if get it you can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The

Merry Drollerie. 161

The Love of false Harlots, the Faith of false Varlers,
With the Truth of decoys, that walk in their Scarlet;
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a pan;
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

Nine Drops of rain, brought hither from *Spaine*
With the blast of a Bellows quire over the Main,
With eight quarts of brimstone, brew'd in a beer Can;
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

Six Pottles of Lard squeeze'd from a Rock hard;
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard;
With a Pudding of hailstones bak'd well in a Pan;
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

These Medicines are good, and approved hath stood,
Well tempered together with a Pottle of blood,
Squeeze'd from a Grasshopper, and the naile of a Swan,
To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

Contentment.

WHat though the Times produce effects
Are worth our observation,
He's mad that at it once dejects,
Or does remove his station;
Give me the Wench, that's like a Trench
In holding up her belly,
For to receive, and to conceive
The most heroick Jelly.

M

Although

162 Merry Drollerie.

2.
Although she be a Saint that's free
From any such intention,
She may be bold, hang her that's cold,
With a timorous apprehension:
Let danger come, have at her Bum,
Give me the Girl that stands to't,
And when it's lanck, does advance her Flanck,
And lay her helping hand to't.

3.
To make it rise berwixt her thighs,
And firk her is a pleasure;
Though he be stout, he ne'er comes out,
But he wants of his measure:
If he have a Yard, it will be hard
If he half a one produces;
When he's so short you may thank her for't,
O these are gross abuses.

4.
My Mistris she is very free,
And fancies well my temper:
Sweet Rogue, she loves the merry shoves,
And is clear from all dissemper;
When I stand to it, she needs must do it,
For she is compos'd of pleasure,
And does invite me to delight,
I exhaust my chiefest treasure.

5.
My Mistris she is very free,
And sings and frolicks neatly:
Besides all this, she does nobly kiss,
And does her work compleatly,

Merry Drollerie. 103

For which I love her, and none above her,
And she loves me for the same too;
But that I fear you'ld soon be there,
I would disclose her name too.

Fortunes Favours distributed

Blind Fortune, if thou want it a Spide,
I'll tell thee how thou shalt divide:
Distribute unto each his due,
Justice is blind, and so are you.

To Usurers this doon impart:
May his Scriveners break, and then his heart,
May his Debtors unto Beggars fall,
Or what is as bad, turn Courtiers all.

And unto Trademen, that sell dear,
A long vacation all the year,
Revenge us thus on their deceits,
And send them Wives light as their Weights.

But Fortune, how wilt' recompence
The Frenchmans dayly insolence?
For them, I wish no greater pain,
Than to be sent to France again.

And lest thine Altar should want fire,
To Bridemens Votes grant their desire,
To Lovers, that will not believe
Their Sweet mistakes, thy blindness give.

M 2

And

164 Merry Drollerie.

And lest the Players should grow poor,
Send them *Angels* more and more,
And to the Puritan more eares,
Than *Cealus* in his Garland wears.

And to Physicians, if thou please,
Send them another new Disease;
To Scholars give if thou canst do't,
A Benefice without a fee.

Unto Court, Lords, Monopolies;
And to their Wives Communities;
Thus, Fortune, thou canst please us all,
If Lords can rise, and Ladies fall.

And unto Lawyers, I beseech,
As much for silence, as for speech;
To Ladies Ushers, strength of back,
And unto me, a cup of Sack.

If these Instructions make thee wise,
Men shall restore again thy eyes:
By a new name thou shalt commence,
Not Fortune call'd, but Providence.

A Letany.

From *Mahomet*, and Paganisme,
From Hereticks, and Sects and Schisme,
From High-way Rascals, and Cutpurfes,
From carted Bawds, Scolds, and dry-Nurses,

From

Merry Drollerie. 165

From Glister-Pipes, and Doctors Whistles,
From begging Scholars stale Epistles,
From Turn-stile Boors, and Long-lane Beavers,
From Agues, and from drunken Feavers,

Libera nos Domine.

From all several kind of Itches,
From Pantaloons, and Cloak-bag Breeches,
From Carbinadoed Sutes on Serges,
From a Bastard that is the Clergies,
From threddden Points, and Cap of Cruel,
From the danger of a Duel,
From a Tally full of Notches,
And from privy Seals of Botches,

Libera nos Domine.

From a Whore that's never pleasant,
But in lussy Wine or Pheasant,
From the Watch at twelve a clock,
And from *Bess Broughtons* button'd Smock,
From Hackney Coaches, and from Panders,
That do boast themselves Commanders,
From a Taylors tedious Bill,
And Pilgrimage up *Holborn Hill*,

Libera nos Domine.

From damages and restitutions,
From accursed Executions,
From all new-found waies of sinning,
From the scurf, and fables Linnen,
From the Pox, and the Physitian,
And from the Spanish Inquisition,
From a Wife that's wan and meager,
And from Lice and Winters Leaguer,

Libera nos Domine.

From

166 Merry Drollerie.

From a griping slavish Cullion,
 From the Gout, and the Strangullion,
 From a Mountbanks Potion,
 From his scarrings, and his Lotion,
 From the Buttocks of *Prisilla*,
 That diets so with *Sarsapherilla*,
 From a Lecture to the Zealous,
 And from the Tub of old *Carmelus*,

Libera nos Domine.

From bawdy Courts, and Civil Doctors,
 From drunken Sumners and their Proctors,
 From occasions for to revel
 With a Lawyer at the devil,
 From Serjeants, Yeomen, and their Maces,
 And from false friends with double faces,
 From an enemy More mighty
 Than *Usquebaugh* or *Ague vite*,

Libera nos Domine.

Penance.

GOD blefs my good Lord Bishop,
 And send him long to raign,
 In health, wealth, and prosperity,
 True justice to maintain,
 He beits down ~~in~~ in every place,
 Poor Wenches dare not do
 Lest they do Penance in a cheere,
 And pay their money too,

Down lately in a Garden
 It was was my chance to walk, Where

Merry Drollerie. 167

Where I heard two Sisters
That secretly did talk:
Quoth the Younger to the Elder,
In faith, I dare not do,
Lest I do Penance in a sheer,
And pay my money too.

Then quoth the Eldest Sister,
You are not of my mind,
For if I meet a proper Lad,
That will to me prove kind,
In faith, quoth she, I will not care
To take a turn or two,
Though I do Penance in a sheer,
And pay my money too.

But here's the thing that vexes me,
And troubles much my brain,
If a poor man chance to get a child,
And cannot it maintain,
He must be censur'd by the Law
As Justice doth afford,
He must be stript, and then be whipt,
And brought before my Lord.

And when he comes before my Lord,
And hath no ready Tale,
His *Mutinus* is straight waies made,
And sent unto the Jayle,
And there he must remain
The space of half a year,
If every Wench were served so
Then kissing would be dear.

The Souldier.

Hey ho, have at all,
 Fair Lady by your leave,
 He that chancech low to fall,
 The higher must he heave ;
 Nay, faith, good Sir, you are too blame,
 'Tis fashion for a Clown,
 For he that mounts too high at first,
 Is soonest taken down.

I am a Souldier, bonny Lads,
 And oft have fought in field,
 In Battells oft as fierce as *Mars*,
 Yet ne'er was forc'd to yield ;
 A Standard-bearer still am I,
 And have broke many a Lance,
 I have travell'd Countries far and nigh,
 Yet ne'er was bound for *France*.

My Weapon it will stiffly stand,
 And make a cunning thrust.
 If I lye open to your hand,
 So that you hit me just ;
 You're no cunning marks-man sure,
 You lie so long at lure :
 O thrust, thrust, thrust, far, far, far, far,
 Be sure I will endure.

Merry Drollerie. 169

Fie, fie, your Lance doth bend,
Full little I account you,
Couragiously if you'll not spend,
Sit fast, or I'll dismount you;
Such Cowards fight I do disdain
That can endure no longer,
But see that when you come again
Your Lance it may be stronger.

So so, now I see you have your tricks by art:
Low, low, not so high,
You make my thighs to smart,
Your mounting high 'twill not be,
'Twill bring you soon to wrack,
I do not doubt the victory
Though I lie on my back.

Loves Lunatick.

HEard you not lately of a man
That ran beside his wits,
And naked through the City ran,
Wrapt in his frantick fits.

My honest Neighbours it is I,
See how the people flout me,
See where the mad man comes, they cry,
With all the Boys about me.

Tom

My Merry Brotherie.

Tom Bedlam was a Sage to me,
I speak in sober-sadness,
For more strange Visions did I see
Than Tom in all his madness.

When first into this rage I hept,
About the Market walkt I,
With Capons Feathers in my Cap,
Unto my self thus talkt I :

Saw you not Angels in her face,
Each eye a Star our-daring?
Heard you not Music from her voyce,
Her Lips all joy imparting?

Is not her hair more pure than Gold,
Or Web of Spiders spinning?
Methinks in her I do behold
My joyes and woes beginning.

Me thinks I see her in a Cloud,
The Planets round about her,
I call'd and cry'd to them aloud,
I cannot live without her.

The Bracelets which I wore of late,
Inrich'd with Pearls and Gold,
Are turned now to Iron Chains,
Which keeps my Pulses told.

I mused thus unto my self,
Each word with gesture acted:
The people cry'd, O look poor elfe,
See how the man's distracted.

Merry Drollerie. 171

I was a poor and harmless Wight
Till roguish *Cupid* caught me,
And till his Mother with her flight
Into this pickle brought me.

At which my friends they were not glad,
Pray *Jove* your Wits to cherish,
For once I was as proper a Lad
As was in all the Parish.

But whipt and stript I now must be,
Intangled now in Chains,
And for my love, you all may see,
I have this for my pains.

To Stable-straw I now must go,
My time in Bedlam spending:
Good Folk, you your beginning see,
But do not know your ending.

The new Medley of the Country man, Citizen, and Souldier.

From what-you-call't town, in what-call-you't shire
To London Cham come, what fine Volk are here!
Sure thick is the place, itch smell the good chear,
Che'le knock at the Yare, then what ho God be here.

What are you Sir?

Cham a West Country man Zur.

Good Bumkin forbear,

Such

172 Merry Drollerie.

Such hobnails as you are do seldome come here.
Cods sooks, here's a Vellow wo'd make a man swear,
Cham come to tell, Sir, with Master Lord Maior.

What to do Sir?

To see his fine Doublet, his Chain, and his Ruff,
His Beaver, his Gown, and such finical stuff;
And what do you think of a kick or a cuff?

If my whip will but last, if aith, chil give thee enough,
And well laid on.

Hold, hold, prethee Countriman be not so hot.
Che have a huge mind to lay a long lace on thy coat.
Prethee tell me thy name, & my L. Maior shall know
My name is *Tom Hoyden*, what saist thou to that? (it.

Tom Hoyden!

Then *Tom Hoyden* pack hence to *Croyden*,
The Country is fitter for thee.

Though you abhor us, and care not for us,
Without us you cannot be.

We can live without you, and your rustick coat,
Did we not vittle your House,

My Lady *Maries*, with all her Baries,

Would thire as smal as a Lowse.

We have money. And we have honey.

And we have the Silver and Gold.

We have fuel.

And we have Jewels.

And we have Sheep in the Fold.

We have silk enough.

And we have milk enough.

But we have the Treasure untold;

We have means, and ease.

But we have Beans and Pease,

And Bacon, hold belly, hold.

We

Merry Drollerie. 173

We have Purfes, and we have Horfes.
And we have Powder and Shot.
We have Pullers,
And we have Bullers.
And we have Spirits as hot.
We have Honours, and we have Mannors,
But we are walled about.
But when we begin
To keep our Cattle in,
In faith, you'll quickly come out.

We have Gallies,
And we have Wallies.
And we have Canons of brass;
We have Feathers.
And we have Weathers
On Mountains matted with grass,
We have VVine, and Spice, Sugar, Fruit, and Rice.
But we have good Barley and VVheat:
And, were we put to it, can better live without
Money, than you without Meats.

Ch. Then since 'tis so that we cannot be
VVithout one another,
Let us two agree,
May the Country prove fruitful,
And City be free,
No Climate in Europe so happy as we.

Sol. He that would be made by a Souldiers Trade;
Let him be encouraged by me,
For never did any men gain by the Blade
As we have since forty three.

What

174 Merry Drolletie.

What Fellow is that? Why, it seems a Souldate;
Good morrow, good morrow to thee:
Why how now my friends, all for your own ends;
Will you make up a peace without me?

You know in a word the power of the Sword,
A Canon may conquer a King:
But a sharp Sword will make a Scepter to shake,
Faith, you have the World in a fling.

Compare the whole Land to the parts of a man,
The Country's the Legs and the Toes,
And without a riddle the City is the Middle,
But the Souldier is the head and the Nose.

Though now we wear Blades,
We once were of Trades,
And shall be whilst trading endures,
Our Officers are, although men of war,
Some Goldsmiths, some Drapers,
And Brewers.

Do you get increase, we'll guard you with peace,
The Sword shall not come where the Axe is,
We'll take off your cares, we'll take off your fears,
But when will you take off our Taxes?

We keep Spaniards from you,
That would overcome yee,
Whilst you do plough, harrow, and thresh,
The Frenchman is our own. What is bred in the bone
Will hardly get out of the flesh.

We

Merry Drollerie. 175

We quarter in Villages, Cities, and Towns,
And sometimes we lie in the Fields.
But if from your Colours you offer to run,
Then you must be laid neck and heels.

Through Countries we march, & for enemies search,
And command all things in Bravadoes.
But oh, my good friend, if you do offend,
I'm sure you must have the Strappadoes.

When, Sir, the City still shall fit you
With what you do deserve,
The Country Cowman and the Ploughman
Will not let you starve :
With Buff and Beaver we will ever
Bless the back and head.

We will give thee money enough, and Ammunition,
And seal to this condition. And so do I intreat.
And I will spend my blood Sir.
And I will spend my Treasure
To do the Souldier pleasure.
Why, now I thank you both.

Cho. Let the City, the Country, the Camp, and the
Be the places of pleasure and Royal resort, (Court
And let us observe in the midst of our sport,
That Fidelity makes us as firm as a Fort :
A Union well-grounded no malice can hurt.

F I N I S.

174 Merry Drollerie.

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